

ENGLISH REVIEW

MARCH 1922

Compensation for Unemployment Insurance
The Unemployment Insurance Bill
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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

MARCH, 1926

Correspondence

The Myth of "Hands Across the Sea"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "An American," who criticizes my article, "Hands Across the Sea," has based his case upon a complete misunderstanding. He has assumed that I set out to make a wholesale attack on America, her people, institutions and civilization. If such were the case I should agree with him that the article was entirely mischievous. Such, however, was not my purpose, as I thought I had made sufficiently plain. I was not addressing myself to Americans in terms of abuse, but to British readers, and particularly those of our leaders who have latterly fallen into the habit of kow-towing to America and depreciating their own country, thereby doing, as I think, immense harm to the British Empire. This being so it is, I submit, perfectly legitimate for me to express my objections to this policy of cringe, and for you to publish them in an article which, dealing with a matter of internal British policy, is of no concern to any American citizen.

In developing my objections I carefully avoided making odious comparisons between the two countries. My argument confined itself to examining two main claims generally advanced by those who cringe towards America: (1) The supposed "common bonds" of race, culture, Puritanism, and language uniting the two nations, and (2) the alleged superior idealism of America. In demonstrating the weakness of the first claim I did not imply any inferiority on the part of America, but merely sought to show that the two nations are fundamentally different—an opinion which is shared by many competent authorities. It was in dealing with the second claim that I touched your correspondent on the raw. But I would remind him that people who claim (or for whom others claim) superior virtues must expect criticism. Their only remedy is to cease lecturing the world and to climb down from their perches to a more humble station. When they do this, the critics will, I feel sure, give them a rest.

Your correspondent does not attempt to combat my three main illustrations of the non-existence of a superior American idealism, viz., the triumph of an extreme Puritanism (as instanced by Prohibition), the much greater amount of crime (which he could hardly refute in the face of the facts, to which the *Saturday Evening Post* has lately drawn attention) and the divorce problem. His only answer is to allege that the divorce statistics are entirely unreliable. Here we leave the realm of facts and pass to mere conjecture. I should be delighted to hear that the picture is not so gloomy as statistics suggest (I have just read that in the last ten years there has been an increase of 49 per cent. of divorced persons as against 29 per cent. of married persons), but it is sufficiently dark to cause grave anxiety to those Americans who value Christian marriage. They certainly do not endorse your correspondent's assertion, quoting Lord Bryce, that *notwithstanding the amount of divorce*

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domestic morality in America is as high as in any other country. Such a statement is, with all deference, simply ludicrous, and could only be made by one who thought that national morality is unaffected by any tampering with the marriage tie. The late Professor A. L. Smith once wrote: "There is probably nothing which exerts a deeper influence upon a community than its marriage law" ("Church and State in the Middle Ages," p. 57), and I prefer this opinion to that of your correspondent or Lord Bryce.

His objections on points of detail I must, with your permission, since he charges me with misleading inaccuracies, briefly deal with:

1. He denies that speeches from which I quoted display any cringing towards America. I am at a loss to imagine how they can bear any other interpretation—in English minds at least. This attitude is particularly common in British speeches at gatherings of the "Pilgrims" and the English Speaking Union.

2. My statement that "every twelfth person in New York City is either a negro, or has negro blood," was quoted from a reliable estimate based on the census figures, which obviously cannot show those who are only *partly* of negro origin. The point, however, is the proportion of negroes to the national population (roughly one in ten).

3. I must leave Professor Pollard, who is a much greater constitutional authority than I am, to defend his remarks which I quoted, but I imagine he would be quite unmoved by your correspondent's reminder that England, as well as America, tolerated slavery in 1776. The whole point is that England was not boasting of her superior idealism, while America was, in addition to denouncing the tyranny of George III! (As to England's toleration of slavery he is only partly accurate, as Somerset's Case (1772) had decided that in England itself slavery was unknown.)

4. Your correspondent seems to object to my description of America as the land of fads. I would advise him to become a regular reader of Sir Maurice Low's articles in the *Morning Post*.

5. A wife *can* get divorce by alleging that her husband does not take her out at night, as evidence of "incompatibility" (which obviously can cover everything), and I know personally of two cases (both in California) in which this was done. Even his admission that snoring on the part of a husband may be even part of the evidence for divorce is sufficiently damaging. My picture of "a given community," etc., which he quotes, was not given as a description of present-day domestic life in America, but as a "clearly possible" condition in the near future.

6. As to America's policy during and since the war I am unable to change a single word I wrote. As to her war record I would refer him to Mr. Page's letters, Mr. Wilson's dispatches, and Admiral Consett's book on the "Triumph of Unarmed Forces." The article in your current number on "Wilson and Lodge" emphasizes the same point. True, it places the blame on the President, but the nation elected him, and the majority endorsed his policy until his final overthrow. As to post-war policy I can see no idealism in boasting that "we won the war," and then deserting Europe, and telling her to set her house in order—nor generosity in borrowing from one's self at 4½ per cent., and receiving 3 per cent. or 3½ per cent. from outside parties. I emphasized that we have no quarrel with this policy. But we do object to a nation's pursuing a policy of strict self-interest, and at the same time claiming a superior morality and idealism.

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In all *material* things—transport, housing, heating, hygiene, etc., we have much to learn from America. But her alleged *moral* superiority is non-existent. In short, it may be said that while England (unless she pulls herself together) may be going to the dogs, America (unless she does likewise) may easily be going to the devil. This last statement may seem to some an exaggeration, but remembering that American Methodism denounces the drinking of "liquor" as a mortal sin which can legitimately be suppressed by "shooting at sight," while it raises no protest against the sexual promiscuity allowed by American divorce or the national worship of Mammon, I maintain that it is justified. I quoted the "Holy Rollers" as an extreme example (and they are much more numerous than your correspondent claims) of this widespread sectarian and puritan influence—which, detesting the traditional safeguards of the Church, monarchy, aristocracy, and peasantry, would set up a soulless State-machine, inspired by the frenzy of "Ladies' Aids," and backed by Big Business in the interests of efficiency, to replace the priest as the corrector of morals, and enforce its own peculiar moral code in which the chief sins are alcoholism, smoking, and dancing.

Mercifully there are other forces at work in America, as shown by the growth of catholicism (not merely Roman), and the recent protest against Prohibition by the Episcopal Church. If these triumph, "Hands Across the Sea" may yet become a reality. I am all for goodwill, but it must be on a basis of equality. And as long as the Hearst Press exists I suggest Americans should address their exhortations to goodwill nearer home.

I am, yours, etc.,

D. HARRISON.

H.R.H. The PRINCE of WALES, K.G.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

MARCH, 1926

Current Comments

SINCE May, 1923, when THE ENGLISH REVIEW passed under its present direction, more attention than formerly

A Literary Editor

has been paid to Home politics and Foreign affairs, with the result that the circulation has largely increased. In its earlier days the REVIEW made its reputation upon its literary character, its discovery and encouragement of new writers, and its book reviews. We believe that there is no reason why the political and the literary interest should not be equally developed, and we have pleasure in announcing that MR. VERNON RENDALL, formerly Editor of the *Athenæum*, and of *Notes and Queries*, a scholar and writer of distinction, has been appointed literary editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. In addition to supervising the Books section he will write every month himself.

IN March, 1924, an Empire Supplement, dealing exclusively with Overseas affairs, was added to THE ENGLISH

The Empire Supplement

REVIEW. While it has brought us many correspondents and contributors from all parts of the Empire, it has also evoked the criticism that the idea of Empire unity was not best served by so segregating articles on Imperial affairs. We have decided, therefore, in future, beginning with this number, to include articles on the affairs of the Empire overseas in the body of the REVIEW and Empire Notes in our Current Comments. No less space will be devoted to Imperial questions.

ON page 416 will be found particulars of an entirely new form of competition for which book prizes will be given monthly, to be chosen by the successful competitors from any publisher's list.

A Novel Competition

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

THE fortunes of France should be closer to the hearts of Englishmen than any events outside of the British

Empire. She was, and must remain, our
France greatest ally; her interests are indissolubly bound up with our own; her frontier is our first line of defence. In no journal or periodical has this view been more consistently upheld than in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, and no temporary troubles resulting from purely political causes will change that view. The part of true friendship, however, is not to flatter when frank criticism is called for, and we have been, therefore, not a little surprised to find that the publication last month of Prof. Sarolea's article, "The Battle of the Franc," has been regarded by some of our readers on the other side of the Channel as evidence of a less friendly attitude. It has been described as calculated to "shake confidence" in the financial stability of France. In fact, like much that we have written, it was calculated only to shake confidence in the financial policy imposed by discredited politicians upon a nation which is naturally one of the most financially stable in the world.

It is they, and they alone, who have shaken confidence in France and imperilled her credit. We need hardly quote M. Briand, M. Doumer, and M. Caillaux (in his article which we published last month) in support of this statement. It is already too self-evident. M. Poincaré is a man who weighs his words, and who, as his article in this number very clearly shows, is deeply devoted to the French constitution, which, he insists, contains within itself all necessary means of adjustment and reform. But he no less clearly insists that, unless such reforms are immediately introduced, the present parliamentary regime must collapse. By the virtual elimination of the Liberal Party, England has been saved from the peril which threatened her as the result of even three parties in the State. The preposterous futility of Proportional Representation has foisted upon France half a dozen or more parties, resulting literally in chaos. If, as M. Poincaré opines, the French Parliament will rid itself of this fad, and revert to the straightforward majority vote, two great parties in the State will emerge, with perhaps a third, centre, party with a definite tendency to right or left, and the constitution will be saved. Otherwise some

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form of autocracy is inevitable and imminent. In either event France will rise triumphant from the morass of troubles into which she has been dragged by the ineptitude of her politicians. She will purge herself of the surfeit of democratic illusions in which she has too long indulged, and the character of her people will quickly restore the credit squandered by her Socialistic charlatans.

NEGOTIATIONS will soon be commenced in the coal industry, ending, alternatively, in peace or in war.

The Coal Crisis Controversial warfare has indeed been raging for some years, and the nominal representative of the miners would have us believe that he is at the head of a united army, ready and anxious to follow him into a battle which shall not cease until capitalism is destroyed. If this were true, it would indeed be a tragic prospect. But, so far, we have only Mr. Cook's word for it; and he seems, if we may say so, to be a person who practises the trick of hiding a plentiful lack of common sense by a series of detonations which, if they have not produced the desired effect of demoralizing the employers, have at least drowned the voice of the masses he claims to lead. Now there is good reason to believe that a very large section of the miners, especially those whose experience goes beyond the wholly artificial conditions resulting from the war, from Government interference and subsidies, and from the introduction of some 250,000 men to take the places of those who enlisted, regard Mr. Cook with growing distrust as one whose tactics can only lead them into the wilderness and irreparably injure the industry which, they still hope, will yield them a decent living. It is notorious that the ranks of the miners contain a large number of men who, in their leisure, have read widely and wisely. If they have not cultivated the arts of demagoguery and intrigue which lead to office in their Unions, their counsel at a time of crisis is the more entitled to the respectful attention of their fellow-workers. It is equally notorious that the system of the Card vote and the methods of intimidation employed by the Union officials render it increasingly difficult for this wiser element to make itself heard through the din of the war drums.

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WE are glad, therefore, to be able to publish this month a reasoned and moderate statement expressing the point of view of a working miner, with fifty years' practical experience in the mines of the Northumberland district, and we venture the opinion that there is more sound sense in every line of it than in all the epileptic explosions of Mr. Cook since he became the nominal representative of the miners. As an instance of the discernment of our contributor we would draw attention to his interesting reference to the old conditions under which the mines in the Forest of Dean were worked, sensible, elastic conditions swept away by the insane desire to impose a cast-iron uniformity of hours and wages upon the entire industry. Unless such methods, adjusted to the peculiar conditions of this and certain other districts, are restored, we believe that they cannot be worked economically, and will drop out of production altogether. There is no evidence whatever that either the owners or the miners desire to maintain any inelastic and impracticable system. Both, if able to adjust themselves to local circumstances, would find a mutually satisfactory basis of working. With piecework in place of the minimum wage, production and wages would both be increased during the periods when production was required. At other times, chiefly of course in the summer, the men could find employment on the land. Here, obviously, is a case essentially different from that of many northern coalfields, only to be settled by local agreement. In their natural desire to better their conditions the miners have been entangled in an arbitrary and impracticable system of uniformity, devised by the Union leaders. The industry has lost the freedom necessary to healthy existence.

The operation of the hard and inescapable laws of economics, of competition at home and abroad, of supply and demand, has been misrepresented to the miners as the tyranny and greed of their employers; so deceived, they have blindly submitted to the far worse tyranny of the false doctrines of their own Union leaders. If the outcome of the coming conflict be to restore equilibrium between the demands of the free market and the demands of the miners, the only possible basis of permanent prosperity

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and peace, it will have been achieved by the restoration of the liberty to make district agreements, which was destroyed by the Union.

IN the year 1568, in the case of "The Queen *v.* North-
umberland," it was decided that only mines
Mineral of gold and silver were the possessions of
Royalties the Crown, and that the ownership of all
baser metals was vested in the proprietor of the surface.
In view of this historical fact it is somewhat disconcerting
to find that there is a certain number of people quite
prepared to adopt the miners' views concerning the
ownership of the minerals. This Communistic attitude
finds approval even amongst people who have been
brought up in a *milieu* where we are accustomed to see
the personal possession of property and the rights of legal
ownership generally accepted as articles of faith. We
have even heard ardent young Conservatives, whose
outlook has been affected by the atmosphere of Socialism
that now pervades our university centres, voicing
Comrade Cook's arguments in favour of State ownership.
The fact that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and a few
members of the peerage draw large incomes from their
mineral possessions has been utilized for the creation of
prejudice against the royalty owners as a body. The
miners have successfully focused public attention upon
these few large incomes regardless of the fact that the
more the possession of the minerals is concentrated the
greater is the percentage returnable to the State in the
form of income-tax and super-tax. Moreover, it is not
generally known that there are about 3,800 royalty
owners in all, of whom just upon 3,000 have only a gross
average income from this source of £215 per annum. Mr.
Lloyd George in that very much exploded political squib
of his, "Coal and Power," suggested that "not the least
inflammatory cause of mining unrest is the thought that
another man, for no service rendered, is living in luxury
at a distance on the 6d. a ton he levies on the labour of
those who spend their lives in digging coal in the bowels
of the earth." It should comfort Mr. George to learn
that at any rate there are 3,000 mineral owners who are not
leading luxurious lives to the mental and moral injury
of the miners. The question of the royalties cannot

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

adequately be considered within the limits of this short note, but we venture to say that no one who approaches the subject in a judicial spirit could possibly find in anything that has transpired at the Coal Commission any justification for interference with the existing system.

It is difficult for Englishmen to understand the virulent hostility of many members of the Clyde Labour Party to

Clyde Lord Weir, himself a Glasgow man who speaks with the tongue of Glasgow and whose great business is typical of the enterprise and grit of Glasgow. That

hostility causes, however, no surprise among the natives of the West of Scotland; they are accustomed to it and they rate it at its real value—which is not very high. Lord Weir is a very strong individualist in the direct line of succession to those strong individualistic Scotsmen of the nineteenth century who turned Scotland from a miserably poor agricultural country into a comparatively rich industrial country. His firm, G. and J. Weir, Ltd., was founded by two brothers—"Geordie" and "Jamie" Weir—working engineers, who invented an improved type of marine pump and set up a small factory to make it. Many Scottish businesses which are now famous have started in the same simple way. The Weir firm of to-day is the family business of two generations ago grown large. The leading members are Weirs or relatives of Weirs and they retain the tough, rather hard, characteristics of the original "Geordie" and "Jamie." As individualists they are good employers of those who reveal individual capacity, but they detest and distrust any system which pulls the good workman down to the level of the indifferent workman. In their factory, so long as it was chiefly concerned with making high-class specialized pumps, they were able to encourage the good hands with piecework rates and rid themselves of the bad on whom they expended the time and money of the firm unprofitably. But gradually, and perhaps inevitably, individualist firms, like that of the Weirs, were drawn into the close organization of engineering employers on the one side, faced by an equally close organization of engineering workmen on the other. And this brought men like Lord Weir—whose

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title in Glasgow is "Willie," or "Wullie"—hard up against the worst aspects of trade unionism, the levelling down of the better men and the limiting of output, which exasperated the Weir blood—itsself working-class blood of the best type. So Lord Weir, who is no smooth diplomatist, spoke his mind frankly and, especially since the war, has gone on doing so.

On public occasions, and in letters to the Press, "Willie Weir," a man to whom a good honest craftsman in his employment is as a brother, has scarified those latter-day tendencies in trade unionism which are ruining the honest craftsman or driving him to emigrate to America, where his skill will get a full opportunity. The trade union leaders of the baser sort have recognized in Lord Weir one of their most dangerous opponents and they have marked him down for destruction—if possible. Of course it is not possible, as he has shown over this steel house business. Lord Weir, held up by Socialists of the Kirkwood brand in Parliament as "one of the worst types of Scottish employer," is really the exact opposite. He is a good employer of a good man, but he hates to pay a bad man the same wages as he pays a good one. He is a believer in piecework which, handled fairly, gives men of all capacities pay in precise relation to their output. His steel houses, made in sections in a factory, fit exactly into a piecework system, and the assembly of the sections on a building foundation prepared for them is also piecework of a fairly humble unskilled kind. It is because Lord Weir, with his steel mass production houses in sections, has cut across the building trade union notion of time work (and as little as possible in the time) that he has been raised to his present eminence of Bogey Man.

THE intervention of Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell in defence of Lord Weir's houses, and the rather reluctant acceptance of them by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, mark

Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell a revolt of the worker by brain against the intellectual crudities of the worker by hand.

Intervening Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell is a solicitor of standing in the West of Scotland, whom Mr. MacDonald tried to make a Scottish Law Officer in the Labour Government of 1923. He was blocked by the traditional usage which has reserved the posts of Law

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Officers for the Bar. Mr. Mitchell has realized at last what an English dweller in the West of Scotland discovers very quickly, that the Scottish working classes are so shockingly housed that they do not understand what decent living conditions mean. In Glasgow, a working-class "house" (as it is called) means one or two rooms, rarely more, in a noisy dirty tenement. Often this "house," a mere hole in a vast block of masonry, is actually purchased by the occupier in fee simple. It is a form of tenure incredible to Englishmen. The occupying owner really owns nothing except a hole—the walls, the ceilings, the floors, do not, and cannot, belong to him. The Scottish passion for the tenement system is the result of what scientific people call atavism. A few hundred years ago the Edinburgh folk had to cluster round the Castle for safety, and they built tall rabbit warrens in which to cluster. The habit of close packing became engrained in the idea of town life, and remains engrained to this day among the very conservative Scottish working classes. One does not doubt that they will in time come to appreciate the self-contained Weir or Atholl cottage, though instinctively and atavistically those of the older generation are hostile. Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell, the lawyer, has seen what the Kirkwoods and the Maxtons—little bourgeoisie—have failed to see, that the need of the Scottish working class for houses, and houses of a cheaper, more quickly constructed type than the old holes in blocks of masonry, must be met in spite of all trade union prejudices against Lord Weir's individualism. He has behind him the younger generation of Scottish men and women who have never been the proud owners in fee simple of a hole in masonry, and would willingly live in a Nissen hut, if they could get one. They are not exacting, and to them the Weir rapidly constructed house makes a tremendous appeal.

Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell's victory over many of his Glasgow colleagues, and his capture of Mr. MacDonald, supply a good example of the value of dilution; that is, the dilution of the Party workers by hand with workers by brain. The little bourgeoisie Socialists are, perhaps, the worst possible type of politicians. They have neither the practical experience and common sense of the skilled craftsman, nor the education of the professional worker.

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They are mere bundles of prejudices and ignorances who, when they take up trade unionism, become far more hide-bound and intransigent than the trade unionists themselves. There follows big trouble in the Socialist Party; for the little bourgeoisie of the Kirkwoods and Maxtons hate men of the intelligentzia like Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell as much as they despise the horny-handed workmen whom they claim to represent. They are chronic sufferers from an inferiority complex.

Two important passages relating to the development of the Empire and the stimulation of trade within it figured in the Speech from the Throne with

The King's Speech and the Empire

which Parliament was opened. These related to the expressed intention of the Government to seek Parliamentary authority "to guarantee loans for the development of the British dependencies in East Africa and of mandated territories," and to introduce legislation for marking imports in suitable cases with a view to facilitating discrimination between products of home, oversea British, and foreign origin. The only controversy in regard to the East African loan proposals relates to the allocation of the total amount, but there is some danger that the introduction of the Bill may be deferred until it becomes involved in the difficult situation that may be produced later in the spring by a fresh coal crisis. This would be very unfortunate, and it is hoped that the Government may yet be persuaded to expedite the introduction of this measure. One difficulty in the way is that, with the exception of the Zambezi bridge, which the Joint East African Board has recently described as a project "ripe for immediate execution," adequate information is not yet available to permit definite decisions to be made regarding most of the recommendations for new railways put forward by the East African Commission. In view of the urgent need of orders in the iron and steel industry it seems a pity to hang up projects that could be put in hand at once merely because others require further study. Indeed, it might be preferable to bring forward separate legislation to deal with each important scheme in order to avoid unnecessary delays. The proposed merchandize marks legislation will deal with a very

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thorny problem. There is likely to be a great deal of argument about the Bill in matters of detail, if not in principle, and the Minister in charge of the measure may expect a rough passage.

THERE can be no doubt that during the past three months, while the strike of ship wireless operators has been in progress, the Board of Trade has been—"Tempting Providence" in the language of nineteenth-century piety—"tempting Providence." And so far Providence has let off the Board in a most surprising manner. If the strict letter of the Board's regulations had been enforced, all steamers, and especially passenger steamers, which had not operators on board to work their compulsory wireless plant, would have been detained at ports in the United Kingdom. But it was, as a matter of policy, considered to be unthinkable to hold up the British Mercantile Marine over a purely wage strike of no great importance in itself. One cannot withhold some sympathy from the wireless operators. Theirs is an arduous dead-end job in which there are no plums. After nine years' service a first-class operator reaches his maximum rate of pay, and finds himself at the age, say, of thirty, without prospects of promotion or of further advance. Neither on land nor sea are there higher jobs to which he can aspire. This is a great blot on the service; these operators have shown in a splendid record of sacrifice that they possess to the full that sea spirit which is the glory of England. In disaster they are the most indispensable officers in a ship, and they are always, with the captain, the last to leave; often they have gone down with their ships.

The risks taken by the Board of Trade in not detaining steamers which had no wireless operators have been very great. Had there been a big disaster, with heavy loss of life among passengers, due directly to the lack of wireless operators, there would have been a storm in and out of Parliament which might have shaken the Government. And the opportunities for a great disaster this winter have been considerable. Up to the middle of February as many as 1,250 British vessels, eighty-seven of them passenger steamers, had been allowed to sail without operators. The largest passenger steamers have, however,

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either had operators of their own or have found men to fill the places of strikers. Again and again disaster has threatened. Important steamers have been overdue, and, in the absence of wireless, unreported for many days, yet they have turned up in safety. In the two spectacular losses of recent weeks—those of the *Antinoe* and the *Laristan*—both steamers carried operators, and the rescue of the *Antinoe's* crew by the American steamer, *President Roosevelt*, was entirely due to her wireless calls, which enabled her to be picked up by the *Roosevelt's* wireless direction-finder. Had the *Antinoe* been sailing from an English port without an operator—she was fortunately on a voyage towards England—she might have been lost with all hands.

CHINA presents a disastrous example, unfortunately on the largest scale, of how fatal to British interests is the British lack of a firm hand on the part of our Weakness in Government. Britain's stake in that vast China country is of great national importance, but owing to the inertness of our policy, which is of the feeble "wait and see" description, the value of that stake is being very substantially reduced. Of all foreigners, we held the first position by far in China, and it is being thrown away. We have had a long experience in dealing with Eastern peoples, and if there is one lesson more than another that we should have learnt, it is that weakness never pays. Granted that the Chinese are a wonderful race with a highly developed civilization of their own, the fact remains that they respect a firm policy, which is something they understand perfectly, and that they regard with contempt anything else. As things are, we are earning their contempt by the way in which we are not standing up for our legitimate rights. Our latest Mission, that connected with the Boxer Indemnity, will scarcely impress the Chinese, because at its head is Lord Willingdon, who, in a recent extraordinary statement about racial equality, showed that he is not a man of the dominant type, the only type which counts with them. Sending such a man, with such words on his lips, will merely be considered by them as a further confession of weakness, whereas the occasion calls exigently for the strong man. To tell the truth, we have not been too happy in the choice

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of our diplomats for China, with its constantly recurring crises during the last ten years ; but after all the fault does not lie so much with them as with our Government, whose instructions they have to carry out. The result is that British prestige, once a tremendous force, has been seriously impaired, and British trade and other interests have suffered almost irretrievable damage. Not a year ago Hong-kong was one of the world's greatest ports, and now it is on the verge of utter ruin. In a striking article, which appears in the present issue of this REVIEW, Mr. J. O. P. Bland, an authority on the subject, discusses very outspokenly the subservience of our Government to that of the United States as regards British policy in China. It is not pleasant reading, yet its effects should be salutary. A firm policy in China is our only chance of recovering something of our former position.

IN striking contrast to the enterprise of the Governments of Canada and Australia in developing the use of aircraft **German Air** for survey work, forest patrols and communication between isolated outposts of **Service for** S. Africa civilization, the Union of South Africa has, since the war, been markedly unprogressive in this respect. It has entirely ignored the illimitable possibilities of both aeroplanes and airships for linking up railheads in the interior, and received no inspiration from the excellent schemes which have been inaugurated on the eastern and western sides of Australia with this object—projects which have achieved remarkably successful results in regularity of service and saving of time. The South African Air Force, which still maintains a precarious existence on starvation diet, received a magnificent send-off in 1920 in the gift of 100 aeroplanes and four airships, to the total value of some £1,750,000, from the Imperial Government ; but, if report be true, a large proportion of this material has since remained rotting in its cases, and has never even been unpacked. Although there has been since 1920 a Civil Air Board, it has hitherto had no civil aviation to control, the only commercial activity having been an experimental air-mail service operated by the South African Air Force between Cape Town and Durban during the three months from March to June last year. The fruit of this experiment is as

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unpalatable as the quince, which forms one of the staple products of the Union, the five-year deliberations of the Air Board having resulted in the decision to pay a subsidy of £80,000 to the German junker's firm to run an air service between Cape Town, Durban, and Johannesburg. This is a slur on British-designed aeroplanes, which has no conceivable justification. The statement that British commercial aeroplanes are the superior of any in the world is not controvertible—it is not even arguable. The only possible explanation of this extraordinary action is that aeroplanes made of metal are considered more suitable for South African climatic conditions than those constructed of wood. But there are at least two British firms in a position to supply metal aeroplanes for commercial use, and at least half a dozen more capable of producing them if desired. This action of the Government of the Union of South Africa is scarcely calculated to strengthen the hand of those who believe in Imperial Preference.

MR. BRUCE won his General Election on the Deportation Act, and it is evident that by the Deportation Act he means to stand. The fact that the High Court of the Commonwealth ruled it out as *Commonwealth v. Communism ultra vires* came as a singularly unfortunate anti-climax to his sweeping victory; but it has not deflected him from his purpose, and, under the title of "the Crimes Bill," the Act has once more appeared before the curtain in Federal politics. The new Bill seeks to proclaim as unlawful any association which by its action or its propaganda "advocates or encourages the overthrow of the Constitution by revolution." Severe penalties, including imprisonment and deportation, are threatened to persons who advocate or encourage sedition or who are proved to be members of an "unlawful association" in terms of the Bill.

In this attack on Communist influences Mr. Bruce is merely carrying out the mandate which he received from the people of the Commonwealth at the elections in November last year. No Prime Minister of Australia has ever received a clearer indication that his policy had the whole-hearted approval of the Australian people. The

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long and distressing shipping strike—to say nothing of the ugly outbursts of violence at Cairns, at Gladstone, and at Fremantle—awakened the public to the incalculable mischief wrought in their midst by alien agitators. And it is as plain as anything can be that the Australian working man has no sympathy with the essentially foreign doctrines which bear the label “Made in Moscow.” At the same time there can be no disguising the fact that the decision of the High Court was a slap in the face to Mr. Bruce, and the politely-termed resignation of Sir Littleton Groom (the Attorney-General who was responsible for the drafting of the Act) is sufficient indication that someone had blundered and blundered badly. Moreover, there are certain passages in the new Bill which are calculated to rouse the opposition of the most moderate working man. The right to strike is regarded almost amiably by the Australian worker as a perfectly legitimate part of the game, and he is not likely to approve of the clauses which impose penalties, not only on alien agitators, but on all who participate in a stoppage of work. Emphatic as was the verdict of the electorate, it is by no means a foregone conclusion that Mr. Bruce’s new measures will have an easy passage, and it must be remembered that the Australian voter is traditionally chary of interfering with the Constitution—a fact which even Labour Prime Ministers, like Mr. Fisher in 1911 and Mr. Hughes in 1916, found to their cost. There can, however, be no doubt of the sincere desire of the Australian people to purge the Commonwealth of foreign influences, and to ensure, so far as is possible, a period of stability and industrial peace. The success of Mr. Bruce’s crusade against Communism would seem to depend upon his ability to hasten slowly, and to combine both tact and moderation with the courage which he possesses in so fine a degree.

THE forthcoming election of Germany to membership of the League, and to a permanent seat on the Council, derives its significance less from the intrinsic importance of the League as an international institution than from the new relationship in which it places Germany towards the Allies in the late war. In effect, Germany will henceforth be responsible to the League instead of to the Allies for

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the fulfilment of her Treaty obligations. The Armies of Occupation will, of course, remain in the Rhineland for another nine years as an effective guarantee of Germany's good faith: but if at the end of that period her conduct warrants evacuation, the full responsibility for the continued observance of the Versailles Treaty will thereafter devolve upon the League Council.

The attitude of Germany on the eve of her election has given ground for legitimate apprehension among the Allies, especially France. There have been abundant indications that she hopes to use her new position on the League Council in order to obtain a revision of the Treaty of Versailles. The Allies are certainly provided with adequate safeguards against such an eventuality by the requirement of unanimity in the decisions of the Council; nevertheless, if, despite all warnings, Germany chooses to press any such demands she will simply convert the League into a very instrument of that international discord which it ostensibly exists to dispel. But there is another danger which is far more serious. Under Article 213 of the Versailles Treaty, Germany is bound to give every facility for any investigation which may be demanded by a *majority* vote of the Council. This prevents Germany from vetoing investigation by her single vote; but it does not prevent her from forming a majority block on the Council favourable to herself. This is a possibility which cannot be averted by the addition of pro-Ally Powers as permanent members of the Council, a move which would be ill-judged in any case as giving Germany some basis for a charge of bad faith against its authors. The Allies have themselves created the situation by their adhesion to the Locarno Pact, and they must face it squarely. Time alone will show whether Locarno is anything more than a mere mask for Realpolitik.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI's forceful rejoinder to the German agitation about the Upper Adige was a timely check to

Mussolini the immoderate clamour recently manifested in all sections of the German Press, warns Germany culminating in the provocative speech of Herr Held, the Bavarian Premier. It drew from Herr

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Stresemann an official disclaimer of any designs upon the Brenner frontier, and leaves Germany with no excuse for further illusions as to the mutability of the Treaty of Versailles. But Herr Stresemann also judged the occasion opportune for a proclamation of active sympathy with German blood-brothers scattered in various parts of Europe under foreign domination. And lest she be smitten by the beam in her own eye, Germany ostentatiously published a far-reaching measure of liberality towards the minute Danish minority in Schleswig. This careful piece of stage-management cannot, however, conceal the analogy between the treatment which she metes out to the million Poles within her borders and the regime which she so vociferously denounces in the Upper Adige. Nor did Herr Stresemann think fit to mention that in the pre-Fascist period of indulgence towards the Germans in the Upper Adige that area was a hotbed of Pan-German agitation and intrigue against the Italian State. Signor Mussolini very properly puts the safety of his country before the behests of a maudlin sentimentality.

THE abuse of poor law relief by the Guardians in certain districts captured by Socialists has become a national scandal. The waste of money and the

A Premium demoralization of the recipients was bad
on Bribery enough, but when, as lately, it has become evident that the number of these

in such a borough, for instance, as Poplar, was so great as to ensure the election of the councillors who promised the largest bribes, and thus to put a premium upon wild extravagance at the cost, ultimately, of the taxpayer, public opinion demanded drastic measures upon the part of the Government. The announcement, therefore, that electors in receipt of relief would be disfranchised as regards municipal elections, was hailed with general satisfaction as a first step towards the reform of the electoral law which is so obviously necessary, if the democratic principle is not to be reduced to absurdity. Hardly any measure would have been more warmly approved as evidence that the Government had braced itself to protect the overburdened tax and ratepayer from the calculated robbery of the Socialists. Col. Jackson,

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writing as Chairman of the Conservative Party, has, however, told a correspondent that "*he may rest assured*" that no such proposal has ever been considered by the Cabinet. Why "*rest assured*," as if the proposal, instead of being eminently common-sensible and just, were a wicked suggestion that the Government might contemplate offending Socialist susceptibilities? Questions are certain to be asked in the House why, if it is illegal to take a voter to the poll in a taxicab, or to offer him a drink, it is permitted to bribe him with the ratepayers' money; and why such bribery should not be stopped by the only effective method, namely, by depriving those who profit by it of their votes.

THE airy announcement that the taxpayer was to be called upon to provide £200,000 for Civil Service sports grounds has found no apologists outside of the Cabinet. It was a first-class ineptitude. It will rouse the ire of every interest which the Government proposes to subject to its economy campaign. What, for instance, must be the feelings of naval officers when they reflect that the sum voted only last year for marriage allowances, and now withdrawn on the ground of economy, was but little more than the £200,000 now proposed to be spent upon playgrounds for the Civil Service? The decision was so obviously ill-timed and unnecessary that it has impressed the public imagination more than £2,000,000 devoted to a purpose less generally understood. It will be regarded as proof that the efforts at economy are merely "eye-wash." It is, undoubtedly, evidence of weakness at a moment when the sternest frugality should be the order of the day. Civil Servants are rushing into print to declare that they do not want it. The army and the navy pay for their own sports. So do the police. It has been pointed out that the 300,000 Civil Servants could, if they wished, provide the capital sum by a subscription of 3s. 4d. per head for four years. How many of them who play outdoor games are unable to join existing sports clubs? And why should Ministers light-heartedly distribute unwanted largesse without authority from Parliament?

The Parliamentary Regime in France

By ex-President Raymond Poincaré

STRANGE views are held about the French political situation. People wonder whether France, after Italy, Spain, and Greece, may not have fallen a victim to a grave parliamentary distemper. They seem to expect all the Mediterranean nations—direct heirs as they are of Græco-Latin civilization—to return to the old and classical habits of dictatorships and tyrannies. It is now, they say, the turn of France. She has precedents for it in her own history. After having known, under the Convention, the abuse, by an assembly, of the sovereignty of the many, she sought for authority progressively, first in a directory, then in a consulate, then in an empire, and now people imagine that they see the recommencement of the ancient cycle of constitutional changes and revolutions, after it has been suspended for fifty-five years.

This is rather impetuous speculation. France is far more truly wedded to the principle of political freedom than people think, and there is nothing to show that she will discard that principle after so many years of fidelity to it, both in peace and in war. Nor has she available either a pretender to the throne, or candidate to a dictatorship. She has grown accustomed to the Republic after various other experiences, and she has to-day no serious reasons for making a change. Nor has she, like England, the traditional and symbolic strength of a national dynasty. She killed that tradition long ago, and has tried in vain to make it rise again from its ashes. The Royalist party in France to-day represents only an infinitesimal minority which, though it contains some worthy patriots and some able writers, is destroying, from day to day, its already feeble influence by the violence both of its words and methods. The Prince to whom it owes allegiance is completely unknown to the country, and

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has made no effort to make himself known. There is thus in France no chance of a monarchical restoration.

There is not much more chance for a dictatorship, either civil or military. Even immediately after the war there was no political movement in the country in favour of any of the victorious generals, who were, moreover, too scrupulous and too well disciplined to dream of such an usurpation. To-day, were there anyone who enjoyed sufficient popularity to undertake a Fascist or dictatorial adventure, he would find none of the means available which enabled Signor Mussolini and General de Rivera to succeed. He would lack, in the first place, the support of the Crown. A king can, if necessary, make a dictator, as Monk made a king. But the president of a republic, ephemeral head of the State, and temporary representative of the nation, would not risk such an enterprise. I need not add that the President whom we have to-day, a convinced and loyal Republican, would never lend himself to any violation whatsoever of the constitution. Thus a dictator in France would have to rely entirely upon himself.

Nor, whoever he might be, could he count, as in Italy, upon the silent assent of Parliament. Neither the Senate nor the Chamber would abdicate in his favour. There would have, in fact, to be another of those *coups d'état* which M. Melchior de Vogué called, in the Académie Française a few years ago, police measures of a somewhat rough nature. The eighteenth Brumaire or the second of December would have to be re-enacted. The Chamber would have to be dissolved, Senators and Deputies imprisoned or exiled, the Luxembourg and the Palais Bourbon put under lock and key.

It would be a dangerous game, and to win it the dictator-candidate would have to be certain of the co-operation of the troops and of the civil servants of the postal, telegraph and railway services. And these civil servants, as well as the troops themselves, are far from favouring exploits of this sort. The country suffered too much, not so long ago, from her surrender to a master to be tempted to try again such a fatal experiment. A dictatorship could never be set up in France except upon the ruins of Government, and after riots and

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revolution. Happily we are not reduced to that extremity. There are, nevertheless, politicians who tell us that to escape it we must at once revise our Constitution.

In France, much more than in England, we hold the written word in respect. Our Constitution, like our public treaties and our private contracts, is written upon parchment. It was drawn up in 1879, and in certain details altered in 1884. It has not been modified since then. But it can be amended by legal procedure so long as the republican character of the Government is not compromised.

Constitutional power lies with the two Chambers united in a National Assembly. Should the need arise, it is they who would have the task of revision. Together they would have to be convoked at Versailles as in the case of the Presidential elections; and, once formed, this Congress, with its thousand members, would have to agree upon the amended text. I wish my friend, Monsieur de Selves, President of the Senate, who would have to preside over this Assembly, much joy of his task. I fear that it would be a task beyond human power.

Imagine an assembly composed of a thousand members, each possessed of his own particular ideas, each empowered to offer a motion, free to make a speech, or indeed several speeches, and think of the awful cacophony which would result! Not two people would concur as to the nature of the amendments needed. Many would agree that things were going badly; but the moment it became a question of defining the constitutional changes necessary for a betterment, discord would arise. All that one can say with certainty is that in France there is a fairly general demand for the strengthening of the authority of Government. But how can this result be achieved by increasing the power of the President of the Republic? The President of the Republic is the constitutional head of the State. He is not personally responsible except in the case of high treason. He can do nothing without the counter-signature of a Minister. To confer rights upon him which he could exercise unknown to or against the Cabinet would be to bring about a perpetual conflict between him and the Prime Minister. It is right and legitimate that actual authority

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should lie where responsibility lies; that is to say, it should rest with that part of the Government which is responsible for its conduct to the representatives of the country.

The President of the French Republic is not, however, condemned to complete inactivity. It is true that he has not the hereditary and traditional prestige which attaches to a King of Great Britain and Ireland. He exercises a seven years' magistrature of whose fragility everyone around him is aware. But he has one important and exceptional prerogative. He presides actively over Cabinet meetings. He is not obliged to attend them as a silent witness or as a disinterested spectator. He has the right to give his advice and to try to make it prevail. He intervenes, in fact, in all serious discussions, and he often inspires the decisions of the Cabinet.

Certain reformers desire that the President, instead of being nominated by the Assembly of the two Chambers, should be designated by a larger electoral college, or even by universal suffrage. It is supposed that he would thus have more authority over Ministers. He would have neither more authority nor less. His real authority can only come from his own worth and from the wisdom of his counsel. Any supplementary authority coming to him from outside would only risk the provocation of disputes between him and the Government, which too often would find no issue but in disorder and violence.

Other reformers desire that at least the right to dissolve Parliament should be made easier, and that it should no longer need the previous authorization of the Senate. I admit that, since that now distant reactionary attempt of May 16, the right to dissolve has been discredited in France, and that even the very word "dissolution" has been brought into disrepute. It might be an advantage that a moribund chamber, harassed by fears of the voter, should be prevented from carrying out its mandate to the bitter end. But, in the first place, there is nothing to prove that the Senate would, when it was necessary or even advisable, refuse dissolution when proposed by a Republican Government. In the second place, is it worth while running all the risks of a Congress to secure a reform that might never be put into effect? Once the

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National Assembly had opened, every dreamer would give rein to his fancy, and after a few days of disorderly sittings, who knows if the people would not lose patience and shout their displeasure before the gates of Versailles?

Above all, *quid leges sine moribus?* It is not our Constitution, but our Parliamentary customs and our legislative methods which need correction. I quite understand that the English may be surprised at some of our habits, that they cannot recognize in our system that of which they themselves were the authors, and which has served us as an example. In fact, it would seem that our Parliamentary system has, for a number of years, been thrown out of gear by the atavistic influence of the great revolutionary assemblies which usurped executive power. The Chambers have, bit by bit, encroached upon the functions of Government, and to-day confusion has become such as to demand a prompt remedy.

An important cause of disorder and feebleness is that the two Chambers have imperceptibly arrogated to themselves the same prerogatives. Whilst in England the House of Lords has been stripped of a great part of its powers, the Senate has acquired the habit of functioning like the Chamber of Deputies, and of examining and discussing almost every question that arises in the Chamber.

It has not gone quite so far as to demand financial initiative, which is expressly denied to it by the Constitution. But, with this exception, it has sat nearly as often as the Chamber, has discussed, like it, the most insignificant laws in every detail, has multiplied its debates, has similarly prolonged its speeches, and has modelled itself upon it the more completely as after each national election new batches of deputies have come into the Luxembourg.

For its part, the Chamber adopted the habit of sitting almost continuously. The Constitution prescribes a minimum session of five months in the year. Theoretically it absolves the Government from keeping Parliament longer together. In practice, as the budget is never voted in time, the Chamber has managed to make extra sessions so inevitable that instead of being the exception they have become the rule. All the year long, except for the summer holidays, Deputies, and, in consequence,

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Senators, hold three or four sessions, if not six or seven, a week, and even three a day—morning, afternoon and evening.

The French Parliament makes it a point of honour to hold the record for the length of hours it works, as though the fruitfulness of work were always in proportion to the time expended upon it.

In all this, what becomes of the Ministers? Above all, what becomes of him whom the English call the Prime Minister, and whom in France we call President of the Council? When can he do his work? That is to say, administer, govern, watch over foreign policy, look after national defences, attend to public works, direct his subordinates, correct abuses, prepare reforms? He is entirely immersed in Parliament, and no longer has a moment for leisure or for thought.

It is not only by the continuity of their sittings that the Chambers take up his time, but by other and stranger customs completely unknown in England.

First of all there is the tribune. That is an edifice which had its origin in the *rostrum*, and which gives a theatrical character to political debates. No orator who has mounted the steps of that stage descends from them without having spoken at some length. Attendants bring him a glass of sugared water, or wine, or syrup. He must at least take the time to drink it. Fronting the tribune the seats rise up in an amphitheatre as in the classical circus. The Minister who is at the top facing this semi-circle feels that he is on the stage. He knows that the audience he is addressing responds better to oratory than to debating skill and, resist as he will, he is led to imitate an actor playing a part. All this does not help quick discussion nor the dispatch of business. After the tribune come the Grand Commissions. The unreasonable growth of their functions in recent years has become one of the principal causes of the Parliamentary crisis. Formerly when a Bill, Governmental or private, had to be examined by the Chambers, a Commission—or what in England would be called a Committee—was nominated according to rules laid down for the purpose. Its duty was to study the Bill, and it was composed of a small number of members. This

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Special Commission, born when the Bill was introduced, died when it became law. It appointed a "reporter," that is, a representative whose duty it was to support or condemn the Bill before the Chamber according to the decision of the Commission. Little by little, even before the war, a new custom was introduced. The Commission whose business it was to examine every year the budget proposals and report upon them became larger. Its functions were broadened, and its existence was prolonged from the beginning to the end of each financial year.

It thus became a powerful organization whose members, called upon to report on the budgets of divers Ministers, were pleased to look upon themselves as the heirs presumptive of the Ministry in power. A little later other large annual Commissions were created—for the army and for the navy—and they took upon themselves the responsibility of discussing all the Bills relating to national defence. During the war the various Commissions who debated privately in the secrecy of their own offices rendered indubitable services, although they also often hampered the Government, and were even at times a drag upon the conduct of the war. But, as it was frequently impossible to consider, at plenary and public sessions of the Chambers, questions which would have given information to the enemy, the Commissions had the advantage of allowing Ministers to keep in contact with the representatives of the nation. Naturally this collaboration, which was not always without its disadvantages, gave fresh tendencies to the Commissions. They came to look upon themselves, more and more, as sharing the executive power. They examined Ministers on the smallest detail of their administration. They continually abused the right of interpellation, essential safeguard though it may be of Parliamentary Government.

They summoned Ministers before their Bar, like veritable criminals, and they departed farther and farther from their proper legislative functions.

Since the war the situation has grown worse. First of all, in the Chambers themselves, Parliamentary questions multiplied. It has not been enough to give up one day a week to them. More time than that has often

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been needed. Theoretically French Senators and Deputies have, indeed, the right to put brief questions to Ministers, as in England. But to ask these questions they must mount the tribune, and the debate at once assumes an oratorical character. Moreover, any representative has the right to turn a question into an "interpellation," a challenge to the Government. The Chamber rarely refuses this favour, and the discussion takes new life. Everyone, then, has the right to speak, and numerous orators succeed one another in the tribune, which must never be left empty. Ministers, and particularly the President of the Council, are obliged to remain constantly on guard, and as there are two Chambers which sit simultaneously and as, unlike the English practice, the same Ministers have to answer in both Chambers, they are forced to be continually scurrying from the Palais Bourbon to the Palais Luxembourg and back again.

But I am wrong in saying that there are two Chambers. There is a much larger number, as nowadays each Commission aspires to the same privileges as the Chambers themselves. During the last few years these permanent Grand Commissions have marvellously multiplied. Commissions on Finance, Commissions on the Army, on the Navy, on Foreign Affairs, on Civil Legislation, on Commerce, on Agriculture, on the Colonies, and more besides. I am obliged to cut short the list, which is the same, or nearly so, for both Chambers. Each of these Commissions calls Ministers before it, catechizes, and challenges them.

Thus, harried on all sides, how can the Government find time to govern? As it is, frequent ministerial crises give ephemeral Ministers no time to assume authority as heads of departments. How much more difficult must their task become when they are compelled every day to waste their intellectual strength on so many Parliamentary units!

So conceived and conducted, the French Constitutional Régime would soon fall into chaos. Reform is urgently needed. But reform requires neither the abolition of public liberties, nor the enfeeblement of national sovereignty, nor the calling of a convention wherein every political system would fruitlessly clash. It will be

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enough for the Chambers to revise their own rules, which are of recent origin, and have proved themselves full of inconveniences. It will be enough if they will forgo these new usages which have nothing in common with a healthy Parliamentary system.

This readjustment would involve for the Chambers neither humiliating nor painful confession of wrong-doing. They would simply have been guilty of unsuccessful experiment. They could, without any inconsistency, return to older and more useful practices which only the exceptional circumstances of the war caused to be abandoned. But, as the collective mind of an assembly will seldom impose reform upon itself, if one or several men are not forthcoming to direct the movement, it is the duty of the Government to take in Parliament the initiative for reform. It is its duty to arrange with the representatives of the people to effect readjustment as promptly as possible. If such readjustment of the Parliamentary system is not quickly brought about under the auspices of the executive power, by Parliament itself, deplorable developments are to be feared.

The nation elects its deputies to vote laws and to control the Government, not to make Government impossible, and to retard legislation by their noisy quarrels. The day the country realizes that its will is not respected it will seek other means of imposing it. The common sense of the Chambers will, I earnestly hope, save France from such a danger.

To this reform of Parliamentary procedure reform of the electoral system should be added as quickly as possible. Before the war the Chamber chose to abandon the system of simple majority in favour of proportional representation. It was an idea that appealed to our sense of justice, and seemed deserving of trial. But from a long discussion between the advocates and opponents of this method of election a bastard compromise has emerged, combining the faults of both systems, to which we see to-day all the objections. Experience of this hybrid ballot has been unfortunate. It has favoured strange electoral coalitions; has married, as we say in France, the carp and the rabbit; has led to discreditable divisions between candidates on the same list, and has

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confused the electors by complications for which they were unprepared. The Senate has thought that it would be better to return to the *scrutin d'arrondissement* which prevailed in France from 1889-1919, and which at least enabled deputies to be directly known by their constituents. The project adopted by the Senate was sent to the Chamber, which so far (February 15, 1926) has shown but the slightest disposition to vote it. M. Briand formerly strongly opposed the *scrutin d'arrondissement*; he contemptuously called the small administrative districts, known in France as *arrondissements*, "stagnant ponds." He was actually defeated in the Senate at the commencement of 1913 when supporting proportional representation. But he well knows that in order to reconstitute to-day a stable Parliamentary majority it is necessary to restore the electoral system which he formerly condemned. The day, indeed, that he formed his Cabinet he promised this reversion to the past practice. He will certainly keep his word, but since the beginning of the year the debates on finance have absorbed all the attention of the Chamber and the Government; and they have only proved, moreover, by incoherent votes how necessary it is to give to Parliament not only other procedure but another electoral basis. There is not a moment to be lost. I do not say that the house is already burning, but the chimney is on fire, and we must hasten to put it out.

Peace Prospects in the Coal Industry

By Samuel Neil

(A Veteran Northumbrian Miner)

THE subsidy to the coal trade has not only provided coal owners and miners with time for calm discussion of the points in dispute, but has impressed the miners with the connection between output and cost of production. The reduction of prices made possible by the subsidy has taken from the continental coalfields trade that has caused the reopening of many of our collieries, with a corresponding increase in the number of men employed and a lightening of the burden of the dole. But the Government, in granting the subsidy, made a mistake in not attaching to the grants the condition of the restoration of the eight hours' working day. That condition would not only have weakened the rigid attitude adopted by the miners on most of the questions in dispute, but would have caused the peace party to form themselves into a body which would have compelled attention to its views. Even if the offer was whittled down, there might still have been an increase of production which, materially reducing overhead charges, would have diminished the sum needed for the subsidy, and brought the industry so much nearer to an economic basis. The improvement might have been such as to render a continuation of the subsidy unnecessary, but in any case the sum would have been much smaller and would not have needed to be continued for a second period.

A demand for renewal of the subsidy was made some time ago by the officials of the Trades Union Congress, and has been repeated by prominent members of both parties. But no one seems to think that the miners should make any concession in order to gain the boon. If these claimants intend the subvention to be permanent, the sooner a final refusal is given the better, but if the

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subsidy is to be used to help the industry to a position of independence, the system being finally discontinued in a few months, it might be extended with advantage. But the Government should learn that the community ought to derive some benefit from those bargains which cost so dear to the taxpayer. A subsidy given unconditionally stimulates the demand for State help, and destroys the strength which would make industries self-supporting; but grants of this sort, if involving sacrifices on the part of the recipients, may, by increasing this sense of self-reliance, reduce this dependence on the State.

Miners are aware that previous efforts to maintain wages and working conditions at an uneconomic level have failed. Only five years ago they suffered a disastrous defeat on the question of the pool. At that time they had a national organization which, being well equipped financially, made the stoppage of coal production national, but none of the dire consequences occurred which the miners anticipated to the community. Since that time the miners have had to face the unpleasant fact that the minimum wage, from which they had expected great benefits, was a complete failure in practice. In spite of the reverses, wages and the standard of living had steadily risen if comparisons covering lengthy periods are made. The losses sustained in wages and working hours are generally regained in the succeeding days of prosperity, so that there would be no need to maintain a rigid attitude on any of these questions if extremist leaders did not plan some form of new organization which kindled the enthusiasm of the less intelligent of the miners. Even the disastrous strike of five years ago was preceded by a great cry of the strength the miners would obtain from the Triple Alliance, which failed so miserably at the critical juncture. On the present occasion, we are told, the whole Trade Union movement is behind the miners, so that a conflict must involve widespread dislocation of industry which would force compliance with the miners' demands. The simpler miners, of course, are cherishing hopes of a decisive victory, but the men of experience who remember past failure do not hesitate to say that hard thinking and less loose talk are needed to-day.

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Men who would join a Labour Alliance for the maintenance of miners' wages are unaware of the interdependence of industries. Men in the sheltered industries may hope to preserve the high wages and other privileges gained during the war by maintaining high wages in the mining industry. But every penny added to the price of coal adds so much to their ordinary expenditure, and in no way differs from a wages reduction. In some great trades the effect of high coal prices is more obvious and more mischievous. Cost of production in the iron, steel, and engineering industries may be so high that the industries will be crippled and a large proportion of the men thrown out of employment. It would be an act of suicide for these men to help in forcing up miners' wages when the demand for coal was so slack that competitors would capture our trade by means of this rise. These men will not cease working on such an occasion; they may agree, perhaps, to levy themselves voluntarily, and that would take the driving force out of any alliance formed at the time. The mere efflux of time will make this interdependence more and more clear, and in course of time no Labour body will take such action as would injure the industry on which it depends.

No higher hopes can be based on efforts to bring about uniformity of wages and working conditions in other civilized States. Trade Unionism has no great hold on the workmen in continental countries, who prefer social doctrines to the Trade Union ideas and methods of the English workers. But even if they were disposed to adopt the ideas and methods of the English workers, the coal crisis would be a thing of the far past before substantial progress could be reached: so workmen's hopes do not lie in this direction. The men engaged in this work of levelling up doubtless imagine they are opening a new era in the affairs of the working classes, but what with Socialist doctrines and the building up of tariff barriers to check the advance of British trade, a century may elapse before a concerted European movement for better conditions for labour will be possible.

Opinion among the miners seems to be divided on the important questions of district bodies for the adjustment of disputes and the appointment of a national board for

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the same purpose, this board striving to bring about uniformity of wages and working conditions. The district system has grown up with the industry. In fact, under no other wages system could it have grown up. Before the iron trade had developed there could be little or no competition between coal centres, as means of transport hardly existed. Miners, however, like those in the Forest of Dean at the present time, were half miners and half agricultural labourers. Pits worked short time in summer when weather was warm and miners found occupation on the land in that slack season. Competition began when the iron industry created the market in which so many coalfields could dispose of their produce. Miners of one district then began to interest themselves in the wages and working conditions in the other districts, and with the development of plans for concerted action the idea of equal pay for equal work came into favour. When the Socialist party, with its doctrine of State control of everything, acquired strength, the proposal for uniformity of wages and working conditions was made a leading item in the Labour programme. This plan involved the creation of a national board, and is impossible. The men in the rich districts, aware that part of their earnings would be used to supplement the earnings of the men in the poor districts, would slacken stroke, and the men in the poor districts, considering themselves entitled to this help, would slacken stroke also, and efficiency generally declining, the industry would collapse. This preference for ease to effort, common in human nature, is not below average strength in the class who fight so hard for the dole and who, though proclaiming the stimulating effects of co-operation, coupled with the demand for a national wages board a demand for a six hours' working day. The slackening of effort during wartime shows how strong this preference can be when it has the help of the minimum wage. With efficiency declining in this way the poorer districts would cease to produce, and this would stir the miners to oppose the system of national settlement. These men worked contentedly for comparatively low wages when the system of district settlements was in full swing, as they preferred the associations of home and

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work to which they had been reared to the high wages and unusual customs and practices of the richer districts. Miners do not know how soon they would demand a reversal of positions, once they were brought into contact with details of the change. Miners who, like those of Northumberland, produce mostly for export have to consider cost of transport and the wages and working conditions in the competing districts, and their contact with these districts forces them apart from the main body of English miners. This is a serious, if not a fatal, obstacle to the plan of a national board.

Miners are aware that they must *earn* their living, and, with the memory of the disaster of five years ago still fresh, they are showing signs of uneasiness at the delay in commencing the negotiations with the coal owners. A small section, perhaps, favours the delay—wanting to learn whether the extremist utterances of secretary Cook will produce the thrilling effects on the public nerves they are intended to produce. A public which remained as cool as it did during the conflict of five years ago is not likely to lose its nerve on the next occasion. The miners are, therefore, likely to be engaged in a single-handed conflict with the employers, and, by the time the conflict has fairly begun, disruption will be apparent in their ranks. Already peace negotiations have commenced between the owners and miners of several collieries in Durham. These miners have apprised the officials of their organization of this development, a similar intimation having been made to the other lodges in the country. If no determined effort be made by the main body in the country to prevent a settlement being reached, the battle for district settlements will be regarded as won, the lodge officials in other districts following on the same lines. If a strong opposition is offered to this action, there is a great danger of the break-up of the Miners' Federation, as many lodges would go their own way. This would be a severe snub to the leaders who are preaching revolution, and by proving the strength of sound opinions among the miners would definitely commit the Federation to moderate courses. Of course, the organization would be temporarily weakened by the disruption, but while it would again acquire strength, there would

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definitely be an end to the plan of terrorizing the public. When the miners have abandoned the plans that caused so much injury to their interests, they will give more attention to proposals for effecting a real improvement in their conditions, proposals for increasing production.

Attention will for some time be centred on two plans—a share for the miners in the control of industry, and a continuation of the subsidy. The Coalition Government a few years ago made provision in a Miners' Bill for the creation of pit committees, but the provision was nullified through the objection of one party after the other. The coal owners assented, but the miners, thinking such a change would block nationalization, which, in their opinion, was near, objected, and without the consent of both parties the system could not be worked. When nationalization had receded into the background, the miners looked with favour on the plan for pit committees, but the opinion of the employers had changed in the opposite direction. The employers were probably alarmed at the probability of extremists being elected by the miners to the committees, and using the position for the making of mischief. By reason of this second objection the time limit allowed for the consideration of the provisions expired and fresh legislation would be required to give effect to the miners' demands. A little friction would probably characterize the earlier stages of the system thus created, the extremists working some mischief. But a system so sound, and so fraught with benefit to the industry, must be in favour with all parties. Coal owners are constantly appealing for suggestions from miners respecting improvements in methods of working, and it is a general opinion that workmen notice many defects in the ideas and methods of the officials, so that a good chance exists for the production of a rich reward by the system.

The miners are supported in their demand for a continuation of the subsidy by a decision of the leading personages of the Trades Union Congress, as well as by the utterances of many prominent coal owners. Such a demand would be utterly hopeless if the subsidy was to put money permanently into the pockets of the classes engaged in the industry, but it might, and should, be

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continued on a smaller scale if it were likely to facilitate adaptation to the new conditions created by the war. If the offer of a small subsidy for a short period were combined with the condition of the restoration of the eight hours' day, the miners in their present temper could hardly meet the offer with a direct negative. They might suggest a compromise, and even if a half-hour instead of an hour were added to the working day, that would materially increase production, diminish costs, and mark a long step towards an economic basis. The miners, accustomed to the longer working time, would, perhaps, not object to the additional half-hour at the end of this experimental period, but in any case they would have clearer ideas of the connection between production and output. With the extremist leaders pushed into the background the task of making a new wages agreement would be easier. It is not too much to say that these industrial questions would be settled more satisfactorily if governments were more accustomed to industrial bargaining, or, better still, if they left it alone. The mining crisis would have proceeded more smoothly if the condition of a longer working day had been coupled with the grant of the subsidy. A grant of this kind made unconditionally whets the appetite for State help; whereas grants that, extracting concessions from the workers, enhance the quality of self-reliance, turn popular sentiment against State help.

Parliament and the National Finances

By Capt. R. C. Bourne, M.P.

THE real test of the present Government has yet to come. The first session of the new Parliament was largely occupied with legislation, but by now Ministers should have acquired sufficient knowledge of the internal economy of their departments to be able to undertake the more difficult task of administrative reform; and the future of Conservatism will depend, to no small extent, on the skill and efficiency with which this task is carried through. In its broader outlines national expenditure must be governed by questions of policy, and such questions are the province of the Cabinet, yet there is no branch of Parliamentary work in which the opinion of the rank and file could exercise more influence than in the spheres of administrative efficiency and economy; only too often, however, this influence is exerted in the direction of increased expenditure, whereby a member hopes to gain popularity amongst his constituents.

Our constitutional history is one long record of a struggle between the Executive and the House of Commons for the control of the national purse strings, from which struggle the latter has emerged triumphant. To-day there is no legal check on the House of Commons in matters financial, and therefore it behoves all members of Parliament to see that the control of the House over expenditure is a reality and not a sham. The risk is that Parliament, having obtained, in theory at any rate, complete control over the Executive, will acquiesce complacently in Ministers' decisions.

To suggest that the control of the House of Commons over expenditure has diminished, is diminishing, and ought to be increased (to paraphrase the famous eighteenth-century motion), may well sound paradoxical to a generation that has witnessed the sweeping away of the last vestiges of control by the House of Lords over expenditure, but nevertheless there are grounds for fearing that, just at the moment, when to outward semblance it is the sole authority on matters financial, the House of Commons has relaxed that attitude of jealous

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watchfulness in money matters to which it owes its present greatness.

It is in order to illustrate this paradox that I have ventured to give this brief account of the financial procedure of the House of Commons, pointing out the degree of control exercised in practice, as distinct from theory, and even dealing very shortly with some of the suggestions for improvement that have been made from time to time.

In the first place it cannot be emphasized too strongly that it is the function of Parliament to find and grant the sums requisite for carrying on the King's Government, but that it is the function of the Executive to spend the money thus granted, subject to Parliamentary approval of the proposals for expenditure.

In earlier days there was no link between Parliament and the Executive. The Sovereign received certain hereditary revenues, and in addition Parliament granted him the proceeds of certain taxes, usually for his reign, and with these moneys it was, in theory at any rate, the business of the Executive to carry on the Government of the Realm. In practice, however, even in times of peace, the annual revenue was insufficient to meet all demands, and thus the Sovereign was compelled to come to Parliament for additional grants, and in time of war such demands were inevitable. In those days, however, once the grant had been made, the method of expenditure rested solely with the Sovereign, and though the House of Commons frequently "earmarked" grants for specific purposes and even went so far as to appoint committees in order to see that the grants were in fact used for the objects for which they had been intended, little real control was exercised. This historical difference between the control over grants and over expenditure of the sums granted has left a permanent mark on the procedure of the House of Commons.

The germ of the present system lies in the appointment, originally by William III, to the chief executive offices of State of persons who were acceptable to and possessed the confidence of Parliament, thus creating a link between the Legislature and the Executive; but the old financial system remained in vogue until the reign of George III, who surrendered the hereditary revenues of the Crown

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in exchange for a fixed Civil List, whilst at the same time the payment of official salaries was made out of a fund raised from taxation and other sources and called the Consolidated Fund. By statute many such salaries are paid thus to-day, and over such payments the House of Commons exercises no control.

An audit was also instituted during this period, but it was of a very unsatisfactory nature, and often limped twenty years after the actual expenditure.

William Pitt, the younger, instituted an efficient system of Treasury audit, but did not provide for any report on public accounts being laid before Parliament, and it was not until the 'sixties of last century that an efficient control was provided. In 1861 a select committee was appointed to examine the accounts and expenditure of departments and report thereon to the House of Commons. This committee is reappointed at the beginning of each session, is assisted by the Comptroller and Auditor-General—a quasi-judicial official appointed under the provisions of the Exchequer and Audit Act, 1866. As a check upon the ultimate destination of moneys voted by the House of Commons, these arrangements have proved highly satisfactory and a stringent control is exercised, but it is another story when it comes to voting supplies for the current year.

By the terms of one of the oldest of the standing orders of the House of Commons no proposal can be made which will result in the expenditure of public money, and no tax can be imposed on the people save on the demand of the Crown; although it is within the competence of the House of Commons to substitute for a tax suggested by the Government another tax that will bring in the same amount of revenue. A demand for supplies is always included in the King's Speech, and immediately after agreeing to the Address, the House sets up the Committees of Supply and of Ways and Means. These are committees of the whole House. The former deals with the estimates for the current year and the latter with the imposition of taxation and with grants out of the Consolidated Fund.

The estimates are divided into four main groups: Navy, Army, Air Force, and Civil Services, the last named being subdivided into eight classes, together with the estimates for the Revenue Departments. In accordance

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with the ancient principle that redress of grievance should precede supply, a motion that "Mr. Speaker do now leave the Chair" has to be made on the first occasion of going into Committee of Supply on each of the four main groups of estimates, and on this motion specific points appropriate to the group under discussion may be raised, e.g. on the occasion of going into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates it is in order to call attention to the rates of pension of retired ranker officers. Once the Committee of Supply has been opened for each main group of estimates, no motion is required for setting up such committee on future occasions, and the Speaker leaves the Chair without question put.

In all, twenty days before August 5 are allotted to Supply, such days being exclusive of those on which the Speaker leaves the Chair, or which are devoted to supplementary estimates. By a well-established understanding the vote to be taken on any given day allotted to Supply is chosen by the Opposition Whips, with the result that the estimate for one department may be discussed several times during the same session, whilst other estimates are not discussed at all. On the nineteenth and twentieth days all outstanding votes are disposed of after 10 p.m., without discussion, under a form of procedure known as the "guillotine." In this last session the House disposed of no less than 139 votes in this manner.

The estimates for each department are prepared in the preceding autumn, are carefully scrutinized by the Treasury, and are finally approved by the Cabinet. Money voted for one service, when in excess of requirements, cannot be used for another service, in which there is a deficiency, and all unexpended balances are surrendered on April 1 each year.

It can be understood readily that it is difficult to make forecasts of requirements a long time, often fourteen or fifteen months, before the money actually will be spent, and there is always a danger that a department will ask for a bit extra, in order to guard against contingencies, and will be tempted to spend this money rather than surrender it to the Treasury, to be used for the redemption of the National Debt. The fighting Services alone have the power to apply an excess on one vote towards deficiencies on another vote. This power, which can only be exercised

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with the consent of the Treasury, is called "virement," and is regarded by Parliament with great jealousy.

It is fairly obvious that the system outlined above has many defects, and is not calculated to preserve that strict control by the House of Commons over estimates which alone can ensure that the utmost economy, compatible with efficiency, is exercised by the departments; and in this connection it is interesting to compare the elaborate and almost meticulous procedure that governs the imposition of new taxation or the granting of a sum of money from the Consolidated Fund. Before a Bill that will entail the expenditure of public money can pass through the House of Commons, a resolution, drafted in specific terms, approving the proposed expenditure has to be submitted to the Committee of Ways and Means. If passed by this Committee, the resolution is reported to the House, who, in their turn, must approve the resolution. The financial clauses of the Bill are then, like other clauses, taken line for line in committee, and thus a full discussion and criticism of the proposal is ensured.

The procedure in the case of the imposition of taxation is even more stringent. Each new tax must first be approved by resolution in Committee of Ways and Means, the resolution is then reported to the House, by which it must be approved, and after approval a Bill is ordered to give effect to the resolution. This Bill must pass through all its stages on the floor of the House and as a result each new tax may have to run the gauntlet of criticism in normal times on no less than six separate occasions. This procedure may be cumbrous, and is often tedious, but at least it does ensure adequate discussion of any proposal.

The weaknesses of the procedure for dealing with estimates are as follows: In the first place the mere fact that the estimates have been approved by the Cabinet tends to make the Government treat votes given in Committee of Supply as votes of confidence. In the last thirty years there are only three instances where the House of Commons has reduced an estimate put forward by the Government of the day, and in two of these cases the defeat of the Government was followed at no distant date by their resignation.

Secondly, discussions on Supply tend to deal with questions of policy rather than with finance, and no less

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an authority than Lord Ullswater has expressed the opinion that the general trend of these discussions, in recent years at any rate, is toward greater rather than diminished expenditure.

Thirdly, many votes are passed by the House without a word of explanation or discussion, and even in the case of those votes that are discussed only a small portion of the total estimate is considered.

Lastly, since the war the number of departments, and consequently of estimates, has increased, whilst the amount of time available for their discussion has remained the same, and in view of the greater demand for legislation it is difficult to see where extra time can be found.

Many experienced Parliamentarians have been of opinion that the existing control of the House of Commons is insufficient, and two Select Committees have been appointed to consider the subject, in 1902 and 1918, respectively. As a result of the report of the first committee, a Select Committee on Estimates was set up in 1912, but this committee has no voice on questions affecting policy. From the reports of these two select committees it is easy to see that the chief obstacle to any alteration of the existing system is the doctrine of Cabinet responsibility.

Under our Constitution all questions affecting policy are decided and approved by the Cabinet, which is responsible to Parliament, and any system which would enable a committee of the House of Commons to examine and alter estimates before their presentation to the House (as is done in France) would cut at the root of this doctrine, whilst, when the estimates have been presented, the temptation to a Minister to rely on party loyalty and to treat each vote as a vote of confidence, is wellnigh irresistible.

The suggestion so often made of rationing the departments is not feasible. For this there is a very simple reason, but one that is generally overlooked by the advocates of rationing, namely, that the expenditure on many items, e.g. old age, war pensions, insurance, is governed by statutory conditions, and is outside the control of the department concerned; whilst much of the expenditure of the other Civil departments is governed by the action of local authorities, who receive grants on a percentage basis. In both these cases, which account for

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the vast bulk of the Civil Estimates, rationing is clearly impossible.

There remains the question of ensuring a more detailed examination of the Estimates by the House of Commons. Various suggestions have been made, but perhaps the most fruitful are: (1) that the committee stages of all estimates shall be taken in Grand Committee upstairs, where an adverse vote on an item should not be treated as a vote of confidence, and that the report stages only should be taken on the floor of the House; or (2) that there should be two or more select committees on estimates who should examine in detail each year estimates selected by themselves, and that no discussion on the selected estimates should be taken on the floor of the House until the Select Committee had made their report.

Both these suggestions are open to many objections, but both have this advantage, namely, that each separate item in any estimate may have to be explained and defended, and the mere knowledge that they may be subjected to a searching cross-examination will act *in terrorem* on Ministers and officials and will cause a most minute scrutiny of the Estimates before presentation.

To judge both from articles in the Press and from conversations with one's friends and constituents there would appear to be considerable anxiety in the public mind on the subject of national expenditure. In these days the word Economy is ever on men's lips, but translated into practice, economy is apt to prove unpopular, or at least to arouse a very vocal opposition, and it is only likely to be exercised as the result of pressure from a more or less united public opinion. But to effect its object public opinion must not be inchoate and ill-informed. It is only by recognizing the difficulties, envisaging the possible remedies, and by insisting on a strict control of expenditure by the elected representatives of the people, that true economy can be achieved, and for the recognition of difficulties knowledge is essential.

It is my hope that this article will at least direct attention to some weaknesses in our present system and will stimulate those who believe that economy is vital to our national well-being to insist that these weaknesses shall be removed.

Maintaining Supplies in a General Strike

By Major-Gen. The Rt. Hon. The Earl of
Scarborough, K.C.B.

I AM not meeting trouble half-way in discussing the question as to what the position of the community is likely to be if there should occur a General Strike in the near future. It is a matter of paramount importance to the nation, for if such a strike were to eventuate and were likely to be sudden, giving the Government at most only a few days for preparation, it would result in a complete stoppage of the essential public services, and thus paralyse the functions of the State, unless prior preparations had been made whereby those essential services could be maintained. We have, therefore, to allow for a possible situation in which the outcome of a dispute concerning one Trade Union would result in the sympathetic strike of a great many others. The economic weapon employed by Trade Unions might, in fact, bring out the railwaymen, transport workers, electricians, dockers, gas-workers, municipal employees and so on. Obviously preparations to be effective must be prepared to meet such a contingency, provide transport, carry on the necessary public works such as electric power stations, unload supplies at the docks, and bring foodstuffs and fuel to the urban centres. In addition to this there is the further necessity of being able to have ready an expanded civil body, such as special constables, to maintain the peace, prevent sabotage, and in short, to keep order.

As there appears to be considerable misunderstanding on the part of the general public towards the functions of the Government in regard to preparations of this sort, it should be made quite clear that they have no power to perfect any machine or organization until a state of national emergency should occur. As far as it lies in their power, the present Government appear to be doing all

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that can be done. They have recently appointed Civil Commissioners in eleven districts under the Emergency Powers Act, as the Home Secretary announced in his speech at Ipswich on February 8, for the purposes of tabulating information as to food supplies, and the organization of the collection, forwarding, and distribution of food in case of emergency. The Chief Commissioner in such a contingency is Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, the Postmaster General. Steps are also being taken by a Department of the Board of Trade to prepare a scheme of concentration and distribution, and inquiries have been addressed to wholesale merchants as to their likely stocks and sources of supply. This valuable work is now being carried out, and the skeleton organization—as Sir William Joynson-Hicks was careful to designate it in his speech—may be considered as functioning as far as it can usefully carry out the duties of inquiry.

But there is one essential which the Government cannot perform, and that is the procuring and registration in advance of the necessary personnel to do the work. Let us allow that the Government is fully informed as to the stocks of food, and has a complete scheme on the lines of the war-time control system. Who are going to unload the coming food-ships at the docks? Who are going to drive the railway trains and the transport lorries? Who are going to keep the electric power stations going? Who, if I may put the problem in a simple form, are going to see that the milk from the cow in Buckinghamshire or Wiltshire is in the possession of the milkman to leave on your doorstep each morning? Not the Government. Not the Government, that is to say, until the actual emergency has arisen, and the strike is in being, for no powers exist to enable such enrolment or registration. It is true they might be sought, and some consider they should be, but on the other hand there is another body of public opinion which would regard any such action as a direct challenge to the entire Trade Union movement. It is a vexed question, and not one with which I am at all concerned in this article, nor one on which I propose to express a personal opinion, for I write not in any party sense, but solely to examine the economic situation of

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the country if the national emergency created by a general strike should arise, regardless of the motives leading up to it.

The question of the personnel to maintain the essential services is the crux of the situation. It is certainly true that in an emergency great numbers would come forward to offer their services, but what of the hiatus in between? It takes time to enrol and allocate men and women to the necessary stations, and meantime, who are going to drive the milk-trains or set out along the high roads with food lorries? Moreover, who will know what reliability can be attached to volunteers respecting whom there is no time to institute inquiries as to their efficiency or their *bona fides*? Even beyond all this we must not lose sight of the important fact that it is indispensable to have a register beforehand of those who can be called out at the first moment of emergency, and whose capabilities are tested. It is not sufficient, for instance, if Mr. John Smith says he can drive an engine, or drive a lorry. *We must know he is efficient. We must know he can be trusted.*

When the coal strike occurred in 1920, this want of prevision was very apparent. Many drivers proved to have no mechanical knowledge, and if any engine defect occurred they were helpless. And this was soon after the war, when there were thousands of old A.S.C. men and transport drivers procurable. What would be the likely position in 1926, six years later, with no prior instruction and no time to test the abilities of your volunteers? It is an open secret to-day that in August last year, when Mr. A. J. Cook, the Miners' Secretary, threatened the Government with a strike, in which many of the other Unions were prepared to down tools, it was discovered that even if the foodstuffs were forthcoming, and the transport, the provision of *efficient* personnel at a moment's notice would have been extremely difficult. Enthusiasm alone does not make a man a capable engineer or lorry driver at the first time of asking.

In the opinion of those who have studied the problem it is the first forty-eight hours which will determine the success or failure of a General Strike. Whether or no communications can be kept open during that period, whether food and milk can be distributed, whether the

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electric power stations and gas-works can be operated so that the nation is not left in black darkness and without heat, will prove the crucial test. The Government, by the limitations imposed on them, cannot do this. Hence there came into existence last year the organization known as the O.M.S. (Organization for the Maintenance of Supplies). It is a voluntary body, supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and here may I say that, whilst it is working with the full knowledge and approval of the Government, it has not received a penny of public moneys. I mention this because in the Debate on the Address on February 3 last, Mr. Morgan Jones, the Labour member for Caerphilly, spoke of the Home Secretary's financial assistance to the O.M.S. It has had no assistance from the Home Secretary or the Government or any public body.

The O.M.S. is a purely executive as well as voluntary organization. It has no political partisanship. It functions only if and when a General Strike occurs, at which moment it will hand over to the Government the registered lists in its possession. Now, a word about these. Every care is taken to inquire into the *bona fides* of those who register their names, and to verify their registration statements. In addition, training classes have been put into operation, and these will, if funds permit, be considerably augmented, for it is the aim of the O.M.S. to be able to place in the field (if the term may be allowed) a complete and efficient service in every particular. Apart from the technical registrations, numbers are enrolled willing to act as special constables, or in any given capacity, and women are also being registered. The O.M.S. has been violently attacked by some of the extremists who will persist in regarding it as a "capitalist" organization, whereas in point of fact, far from interfering with the legitimate activities of Trade Unions, in the event of a General Strike its ministrations would not only benefit the sick and infirm, helpless inmates in hospitals, babies in arms, and little children, but the families of the strikers themselves would equally be saved from starvation.

The London Labour Party Executive at a recent meeting at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, described the O.M.S. as an "irritant, rather than a

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pacific influence in the present industrial situation," and then discussed ways and means whereby the Co-operative Societies might lay in stocks allocated for the use of strikers only.

To summarize the situation, it may be said that the Government is doing all it can do with limited powers, and that the O.M.S. is doing all it can with limited financial resources. It is to be hoped that no state of national emergency may arise, but in the present uncertain position of Trade Union leadership it would be foolish to the point of recklessness not to make full prevision and provision for such a crisis. The O.M.S. in such an event will be found prepared.

But nothing can be done without money. The efficiency of the O.M.S. is the best insurance the nation can have to prevent a national stoppage. The stronger the O.M.S., the less likelihood of extremists starting a war upon the nation. Yet it will surprise many of my readers to learn that among the big industrial firms, manufacturers, bankers, and shipping companies, so far the response to an appeal for funds has been almost negligible. No money is spent recklessly, and most of the workers in the O.M.S. are giving their services voluntarily. I hope that a clear statement of its aims and work may have the result of removing for good and all the anxiety of finance. Without it we can guarantee nothing; with it we shall be ready at the first bugle-call.

“As You Were” at Ottawa

By Franklin Sieviewright Peterson

MR. MACKENZIE KING has apparently found that, so far as Ottawa is concerned, the longest way round is the safest way home. Having suffered defeat in his own Ontario constituency of North York, he flirted for a time with the idea of standing for a seat in the neighbouring Province of Quebec. But he soon realized that a Prime Minister of Canada who represented a French-Canadian constituency would not make the most acceptable of leaders to the “ginger” group of the Middle West. Possibly, therefore, on the principle that if the farmers would not come to him he would go to the farmers, he travelled some 1,500 miles or so into the prairies of North Saskatchewan—where the accommodating member for Prince Albert had resigned to give his leader a safe seat—and there stood for Parliament once again.

The result of the election was never in doubt, and, on September 15, Mr. King re-entered the House of Commons with a majority of more than 5,000 votes. A complicated problem has thus found at least a temporary solution, and—with a certain adjournment already in sight—Mr. King may go back to his corner of the ring with the knowledge that he has scored on points in the first round.

How far will his return affect the position? The General Election of October last was held with the object of unravelling the intolerable tangle of the last Parliament, but when the result of the polls was announced the first thought of the electorate was that the tangle had become more complicated than ever.

For the purposes of comparison it is convenient to study the figures of the House after the elections of December, 1921, and after the elections of last year side by side. The following table shows the way in which the state of parties changed:—

	December, 1921.	October, 1925.
Liberals	117	100
Conservatives	50	117
Progressives	66	25
Labour and Independents	8	3
	241	245*

* It will be noted that, owing to the increased representation of the West, the size of the House has increased by four seats.

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What do these figures mean? In the first place, that the elections last year, which undoubtedly gave a moral victory for the Conservatives, failed to give Mr. Meighen a majority in the House. In the second, that the Progressives, for all their sadly depleted ranks, still hold the balance of power.

Small wonder then, that almost before the dust of the campaign had died down the people of the Dominion began to think ruefully of the cheerless prospect of another General Election. Nothing, however, is more calculated to retard the industrial progress of a young country than the expense and the uncertainty of these long election campaigns, each with its wearisome accompaniment of bickering and intrigue across 3,000 miles of country. The Conservatives, on their part, loudly demanded Mr. King's head on a charger. Had he not been beaten in his own constituency? Had not defeat swept through the ranks of his Cabinet and plunged eight of his Ministers in the outer darkness? Had not the gain of nearly seventy seats made the Conservatives easily the largest party in the House and given them the right to claim a mandate from the people? All these seemed convincing arguments, but they were not quite convincing enough. The blunt truth remained that there was not the slightest chance of support for Mr. Meighen from the Progressives, and the attack, which so nearly won the day, ended tantalizingly—but yet definitely—short of the ultimate objective.

It has been a sore disappointment to Mr. Meighen and his followers, and yet anyone who watched the progress of the election campaign from a Canadian observation post is reasonably entitled to suggest that they had only themselves to blame. When, on September 5, Mr. King announced the date of the General Election, the Conservatives appeared to have every prospect of victory. The country was thoroughly tired of the inaction of the Government and its uninspiring record of legislation. There were signs of bitter—in many cases unfair—personal hostility to Mr. King in nearly every province. He had been seriously embarrassed by the frankly unsympathetic attitude towards immigration adopted by Mr. Gordon (paradoxically enough the Minister at the head of the Immigration Department) and by Mr. Larkin,

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the High Commissioner in London, and Mr. King's political godfather. And yet, at the very time when the country was waiting for a lead, and for the promise of some constructive policy, Mr. Meighen and his colleagues failed dismally to suggest that they were capable of furnishing either. They contented themselves with sitting in their tents and groaning over the alleged iniquities of the Liberals.

There was, however, one feature of the campaign in which they were certainly entitled to sympathy. The Liberal tactics in the Province of Quebec reflected astonishingly little credit on their authors. The pitting of one section of Canada against another, the incitement to racial hatred, and the revival of war-time passions—all these may have helped to make victory secure, but they were surely a heavy price to pay. The arguments used to hold the simple-minded *habitant* in thrall were almost incredible for their mischievous misrepresentation. The return of Arthur Meighen—it was shouted from a score of platforms all the way down the St. Lawrence River—meant the return of conscription and the sacrifice of French-Canadian blood for "Imperialistic adventure." Eagerly the Liberal organizers pointed to the threatened trouble in Mosul as a sure sign that Great Britain would be involved in war before the year was out. "Vote for the Conservatives," said one French-Canadian follower of Mr. King (and a responsible member of the party), "and your sons will be cannon fodder for the Turks within two months" !

The tactics were successful ; the great Liberal fortress of Quebec remained safe with only an insignificant breach of four seats out of sixty-five to show as a result of the determined assault made by M. Patenaude and his Quebec Conservatives. It was, however, a campaign won not in fair fight but by poisonous propaganda, and the day may well come when those who laid the poison may regret the thoroughness of their work.

What, then, of the West ? Eight years ago the insurgent movement in the prairies launched the Progressive party upon a victorious campaign. It reached the peak of its power in 1921, when it won 37 out of 43 seats in the three Prairie provinces, and also carried 21 seats in Ontario. At the October elections the farmers

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succeeded in holding only 22 seats out of the increased total of 54 in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, and in Ontario they lost 20 of their total.

Their fall from power has been almost as sudden and almost as dramatic as their rise, and yet the reasons are plain enough. Save on the tariff question there is no real union between the farmers of Ontario and their more aggressive brethren further west, whose vision seldom extends beyond Fort William, and whose aims are directed towards the gain of benefits for the western farmer rather than for the farmer class as a whole. There is a growing impatience with the tiresome embarrassments of the three-party system. There have been acute and unedifying personal differences. And there is the increasing belief that the extremely efficient machinery of the Farmers' Unions should be devoted towards improving co-operative methods of transport and marketing rather than to political ends.

A weakened party naturally means a more submissive party, and Mr. King finds himself occupying almost the same line as he did at the beginning of 1922. If anything, he seems more securely dug in, and Canadians, with a sigh, are settling down to the prospect of another dreary campaign of trench warfare at Ottawa. Perhaps the gradual merging of the Progressives in the Liberal party will mean an eventual return to the two-party system, and the straight fight that is so necessary to clear the air. But there are thousands of Canadians who are heartily tired of the interminable battle of party tactics, and who long for leaders with the courage to tackle those vital questions which are ever with the Dominion—the settlement of its empty spaces and the removal of the intolerable burden of railway expenditure. Walk down St. James Street in Montreal; go down to the sea at Halifax, or out into the prairies beyond Saskatoon; travel through the majestic barrier of the Rockies to the coast where Vancouver looks across the Pacific, and you will hear the same prayer—the same heartfelt wish that there should be an infusion of new blood into the tired body-politic, and that the young men, the successful men, of the Dominion should turn for a moment from their own business and lend their hand to the business of their country.

Wanted—An Independent Policy in China

By J. O. P. Bland

WHEN lately Colonel Harvey, sometime American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, expressed in the *North American Review* his opinion that, as a producing nation, England is down and out, a number of eminent persons, led by Lord Birkenhead, promptly came forward to deny the impeachment. To one bright harp in divers tones, they one and all declared that the ex-Ambassador was talking through his hat, or words to that effect. It is, however, a curious fact that another and a far harder blow dealt in the same article at our national *amour-propre* has been allowed to pass practically unchallenged. I refer to the passage in which, speaking of Great Britain's foreign policy, Colonel Harvey observed that, "it is now a cardinal principle of that policy, under the avowed headship of the King, to do nothing which might impair the friendliness of, or give offence to, the United States." The consensus of silence with which this momentous statement has been met by our statesmen and publicists is surely a significant sign of the times; looked at in the light of what has occurred, and is still occurring, in the Far East, it becomes even ominous. For, if it be true that the promotion and protection of our own national interests and security are no longer the be-all and end-all of our foreign policy; if its cardinal principle now lies in conciliating the opinions and susceptibilities of another nation, then, whether that cardinal principle be inspired by fear, favour, or affection, our future, not only as a producing nation, but as the centre of an Empire, stands indeed in jeopardy. How comes it, we may well ask, that the ex-Ambassador's statement on a matter such as this has evoked no reply? Is our dignity only vulnerable in the field of commerce? We may reasonably conclude, from a general survey of the course of events since the Washington Conference, that the statement is substantially correct. It is also safe to assume that the conciliation of American goodwill would not have become the cardinal principle of our foreign policy without some good reason and tangible *quid pro quo*. In that case, why has the Government not taken Parliament and the nation into its confidence in a matter of such unusual and far-reaching importance?

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Pending further light on this subject, whether the policy in question has, or has not, been definitely adopted for general application, it is undeniable that it has been predominant in the Far East for some years past, to the very grave detriment of very important and legitimate British interests. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, in a speech delivered at the annual dinner of the China Association last November, justified the temporary neglect of these interests "however great and pressing," on the ground that any policy other than one of watchful waiting might "precipitate a scramble among conflicting Powers for predominance in this or that part of China." The argument is scarcely convincing. On the contrary, if British interests are to be scrapped wholesale, as they have been at Hongkong, if British influence is to be persistently weakened, as it has lately been at Peking, the probability of a scramble among other nations for predominance in the rich field thus abandoned is likely to be increased rather than diminished. In any case it must soon cease to have anything more than a sentimental, retrospective interest for British traders. Between the lines of Mr. Amery's speech it is, however, possible to read that the real explanation of the attitude of patient watchfulness lies in the fact that the destinies of the Crown Colony and the future of our Far Eastern trade have been subordinated to a quixotic observance of the spirit and letter of the Washington Treaties. The situation, indeed, hardly admits of any other explanation. Yet it should be sufficiently obvious to every thinking man that the circumstances under which those self-denying ordinances were concluded have been effectually altered by the subsequent development of Soviet Russia's activities, directed chiefly against Great Britain, in China.

Let us assume for the moment that the British Government stands definitely committed to adhere in faith, hope, and charity to the disinterested principles set forth in the Washington Treaties and Resolutions. Even so, the fact remains that these instruments were signed by nine co-equal contracting Powers. Also, they contain nothing which can justify any one of these Powers in claiming a prescriptive right to leadership, nor which can require any of them to renounce its individual judgment or sacrifice any vital national interest. Such being the case, it is pertinent and expedient at this juncture to examine and consider the present policy of the United

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States in China, as expressed in the utterances of American statesmen and manifested at the present Conferences at Peking, with a view to determining whether it be the kind of policy to which this country can continue to subscribe without loss of its commerce or its self-respect, or both. If not, the sooner the Washington Treaty is denounced the better for all concerned. I venture to commend the suggestion, with all due deference, to Lord Southborough's Advisory Committee.

A dispassionate study of the origins, essence and effect of America's foreign policy, whether it be concerned with the scope of the Monroe Doctrine, the financial obligations of European nations, or the maintenance of the Open Door in China, will reveal the fact that, in all its applications and implications, it presents the same combination of highly altruistic ideals with the steady pursuance of purely national interests. (The latter, be it observed, is the rightful business of every government.) In proclaiming itself as the sponsor and promoter of a new dispensation of high moral principles in politics "founded on peace, goodwill, and good works," the American Government is doing that which many other governments (even that of Tzarist Russia) have done in the past; but sooner or later, human nature being a fairly constant quantity, it is bound to experience the same difficulty which others have found, in reconciling sentimental theories with hard facts. The State Department at Washington has so far identified itself with the theories, and shut its eyes to the facts, of the Far Eastern situation, possibly for the reason that the theories are very dear to the hearts of that large section of voters whose conception of the Orient is derived from missionary and educationist propaganda.

A little clear thinking should suffice to show that a British policy which aims at preserving the goodwill of the United States by subscribing blindly to their "adventures in liberal action" towards China, must inevitably defeat its own ends; for goodwill, to be permanent, implies mutual respect. To suggest that it would be impaired, or that the United States would take offence, if the British Government should take an independent initiative for the protection of its legitimate interests, now threatened in China, is absurd. As reasonably might one say, that the preservation of American goodwill requires us to follow their example in the matter of Prohibition. It would,

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indeed, be easier to find arguments in support of this idea than to justify the deference which we have displayed, first at Washington, and now at Peking, towards the sentimental delusions and ignorant enthusiasms which have inspired American policy in China in recent years. It is a policy of benevolent intentions (of their nature inapplicable and foredoomed to futility) and manifest inconsistencies, all of whose origins and purposes are traceable to the semi-political propaganda of the Y.M.C.A., the National Christian Council, and other organizations forming the Modernist wing of the missionary and educationist movement. The official attitude, initiated last year at Washington, of sympathetic consideration to Young China's urgent claims for the speedy abolition of extra-territoriality and the concession of tariff autonomy, undoubtedly finds its inspiration and driving force in the intense activities of powerful groups of missionary societies and educationists. Yet the State Department must be well aware that, in many instances, those who press the buttons which automatically produce resolutions by Mission Boards in England and America, are men whose conception of "liberal gestures" reveals a curious (though possibly unconscious) affinity with that of the Soviet propagandists. It is, at all events, notorious that many so-called Christian colleges in China, and notably those under American direction, have become hotbeds for political agitation, chiefly directed against Great Britain. It is also true that the concentration of Chinese hostility against British and Japanese interests has been tacitly accepted as a dispensation of Providence by other nationalities; if the State Department has taken any steps to counteract the unconcealed activities of Bolshevism in China, the good deed has been done by stealth. The inconsistency of American policy in this matter, when compared with her admirably inflexible refusal to countenance Bolshevism at home, is apparent. Obviously inconsistent also is her attitude with regard to the "unequal Treaties"; it is difficult to reconcile her generous recognition of China's claims in this matter with the maintenance of her Asiatic Exclusion Acts. Amongst the officials and advisers of the State Department there must be many familiar with the social and economic conditions of present-day China, men who know that, while these conditions last, there can be no question of admitting racial equality in practice. They know that to

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place foreigners and their property under Chinese jurisdiction would mean, not only the destruction of the foreign trade, which has been laboriously built up under the Treaties, but, in the end, humiliation and disaster for China. But their voices are not heard in the land.

To sum up. The policy manifested towards China in recent pronouncements from Washington reflects, first and foremost, the powerful influence brought to bear upon the American Government by missionary and educationist societies for the furtherance of their peculiar ideals and particular interests. Of these, it may truly be said, in the words of Disraeli, that "their tone and tendency is to destroy the institutions of the country under the name of reform and to make war on the manners and customs of the people under the pretext of progress." To their system of alien education is chiefly due the present ferment in the mind of Young China, all the indiscipline and unrest which have unfitted the present generation of students to play any useful part in the normal life of the nation, and have made them an easy prey for the insidious teachings of the political agitator. America's liberal gestures at Peking are evidence of the Administration's sympathy with the aims and ideals of the educationists; in other words, the spiritual attitude of Wilsonism, the obsession for standardizing American ideals *in partibus infidelium*, still carries weight in the domain of practical politics. It took time for the world to learn that the ideals of self-determination and "a world made free for democracy" were incapable of universal application; it will take time also for it to learn that this alien education has been, and is, the chief factor of disturbance in the Far East. Owing to the exigencies of her domestic politics and the persistence of medievalism in religious matters, America is not likely to realize the whole truth of the situation in China for some time to come. But her policy being avowedly altruistic, she can find no cause for unfriendliness or offence if, compelled by force of untoward circumstances, Great Britain now resumes her freedom of initiative, in abeyance since 1921, and seeks a policy more consistent with the urgent needs of the situation. The Yellow Seas may be stormy in the years to come, but the British ship of State is likely to fare better on a course of her own than following in the wake of another craft, howsoever well-found and well-disposed.

Sea Power and Submarines*

By J. H. Kimball

[In sending us the following article, Mr. Kimball wrote : " I have read with great interest the article on ' Submarine Ethics ' by Mr. Ernest Remnant in the December number of the ENGLISH REVIEW, and wish to express my concurrence with his views. . . . He has clearly expressed a point I have been trying to bring out—that the abolition of blockade would be far too great a price for Great Britain to pay for the prohibition of submarines, even if that were possible." —ED. E.R.]

THE remarks of Admiral von Tirpitz, as quoted in the United Press dispatch of November 27, are interesting but they would have been of much greater value had he spoken more fully and explained matters as they really are, instead of disseminating propaganda.

In favouring the "abolition of all submarines for war purposes" he is not contemplating any sacrifice on the part of his own country, for Germany has had none of these craft since shortly after the Armistice she sent all of hers that were seaworthy to Harwich for internment. Further, under the terms of the peace treaty Germany cannot build or maintain any of these craft now.

When he says that, with the exception of Germany, "the other States in Europe continue to arm," he omits to say that Great Britain scrapped 44 battleships, 96 cruisers, 297 destroyers, about 100 submarines, and some 250 other warcraft of various classes, between the Armistice and the calling of the Washington Conference on the limitation of armament. Since that conference she has voluntarily scrapped many more ships; during the last four months 5 cruisers, 54 "R" class destroyers, and 5 "K" class submarines have been put on the disposal list. On land the British armies were disbanded; to-day Britain's regular troops number less than in the days of peace before the war, as do also her territorials.

* *The Telegraph-Journal, Saint John, N.B., December, 1925.*

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As for the recently-adopted naval construction programme of Great Britain, it will supply only about half the number of ships needed to supply those that will be worn out before it is completed.

His desire to see blockades abolished does not seem unnatural, as his attempt to "blockade" Great Britain by submarines (used as they were in violation of all the rules of maritime warfare) failed, while that maintained by Britain brought German foreign trade to a standstill, disrupted her internal trade, and went far towards breaking the morale of the German people.

He also says that the sanctity of private property on the high seas conforms to an ancient principle of law. If he is talking of this property in peace-time or of neutral property in war-time, he is quite right. But if he is talking of belligerent property in war-time he must surely be misquoted, for the capture of enemy property on the high seas, whether found in an enemy or in a neutral ship, was the law of the sea from all time.

These rules of sea warfare had been codified as early as the eleventh century; naturally they have been modified as conditions changed. In England as early as 1296 there was issued an order to restore to the owners some Flemish goods captured in a neutral (Flemish) ship, but adjudging Spanish goods in the same ship lawful prize. A year later, 1297, a writ was issued ordering the restoration to Flemish enemies of a ship arrested before the declaration of war. In 1337 some neutral Spanish ships trading with the enemy Flemings were captured and restored to their owners, but the enemy goods were retained.

It has always been an axiom of international law, confirmed in 1625 by Grotius, "the father of international law," that a belligerent has the right to confiscate or destroy all enemy property, wherever found. On land indiscriminate plunder and wanton destruction of private property was put under restraint, simply because it interfered with the best military results. Frederick the Great was the first to substitute the levying of contributions and the making of requisitions for general pillage, because he found that the latter demoralized his troops and lessened their fighting power, and that

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indiscriminate plundering lessened the value of his conquests and their power of maintaining his troops. But long before this, from the year 1589 onwards, the British captor of a ship, whether one of the king's ships or a privateer, had to bring it before a prize court, where it was adjudged good prize or set free to go on its way.

There is no dissenting voice to the right to capture, commandeer, requisition, or levy on any or all enemy property on land, at the discretion of military officers, and without reference to any court. The conquest of territory means the prostration of national life, and this is why land warfare seeks to gain its end by invasion. This stagnation in an invaded country is produced by the exercise of belligerent rights over property—the right to seize and consume it; the right to control communications (roads, railways, and inland waterways), so as to prevent the flow of property and to render commerce impossible except so far as it suits the belligerent; and the right to carry military execution against it in the event of resistance by its owners.

"The sanctity of private property on the high seas" is a variation of the nice-sounding but meaningless phrases, "the flag covers the goods," and "the freedom of the sea." The seas serve us in two ways—providing us with food through the fisheries, and affording communication between countries, or different parts of one country. In peace time the seas are as free as, or freer than, the land. And in war-time the sea cannot be conquered as can the land, but naval power can control its communications. But as long as enemy goods are liable to capture and requisition at the discretion of military commanders on land—and no one of those who argue against the right of capture of enemy goods at sea has ever suggested that the same right be abolished on land—that same right of capture at sea and condemnation in regularly constituted courts should be and must be maintained. And so long as a military force on land can, as a matter of unquestioned right, prevent not only enemy but also neutral goods from passing over the lines of communication in invaded territory controlled by them, why should there be any question of different treatment of enemy goods on the lines of communication at sea?

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"Free ships, free goods," is a modern doctrine, first put forth by the Dutch in 1654, avowedly as a means whereby their neutral ships could profit by the unmolested carriage of the trade of France and Britain. But neither of these countries would adopt it then, and nothing more was heard of it until Frederick the Great incorporated it in a treaty made with the then rebel colonies of North America. It was also adopted in 1780 by the armed neutrality of Northern Europe—Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, and Prussia—but Britain again repudiated the doctrine; this repudiation was admitted as correct by all these powers, and all of them used this undoubted right of the capture of enemy goods in neutral ships in the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. It was not until 1850, when, in adopting the Declaration of Paris, Britain made a quixotic surrender of this important right (characterized by Lord Salisbury in 1897 as "a rash and unwise proceeding") that the capture of enemy goods, contraband of war excepted, carried in neutral ships was forbidden by international law.

It has been pointed out that this Dutch doctrine, heretical to the accepted usages of warfare, was first agreed to by Prussia and the revolting colonies as a war measure against Britain. In spite of this, and of the Declaration of Paris, the German cruiser *Karlsruhe* sank the Dutch steamer *Maria* on October 22, 1914, because she was carrying a cargo of wheat, which was not contraband at that time, to Ireland; and on January 30, 1915, the German auxiliary cruiser *Kronprinz Wilhelm* (which had left New York as a merchant ship and had been armed and commissioned at sea on August 5, 1914, contrary to the provisions of the Declaration of Paris), sank the American four-masted barque *William P. Frye*, with wheat from Seattle to Queenstown. This sinking of a neutral ship was, of course, contrary to all law, and after a warm controversy with the American Government, the Germans were compelled to pay a large sum in compensation for the *Frye*.

Admiral Mahan, in his books, "The Influence of Sea Power on History," "The Influence of Sea Power on the War of 1812," etc., has very clearly pointed out that, sea power, when rightly used, has always been a deter-

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mining factor in warfare. And he points out no less strongly that one of the most effective and proper ways to use naval power is to break up the foreign trade of the enemy by the capture of his merchant ships and goods, and by blockade of his ports. It was the use of sea power in this way that led to the downfall of Napoleon. It was the blockade of the south that, by preventing the export of cotton and the import of munitions from overseas, enabled the Federal States to win the American Civil War. If blockade and the capture on the high seas of enemy ships and enemy goods were abolished, naval power would be of little value, for the chief end of a navy is the protection of friendly and neutral trade and the destruction of that of the enemy.

Admiral von Tirpitz failed to destroy or to impair the power of the British Navy in warfare. By advocating the abolition of blockades and the capture of enemy property at sea, he is trying to destroy the power of that navy without impairing in any way the power of land armies. And until all war is finally abolished from this globe no amount of benefit that could accrue to the British merchant marine could possibly make up for the loss of naval power engendered by the loss of the right of blockade and capture of enemy property at sea.

This is not a brief against the abolition of the submarine, for there are many reasons why it should be done away with. At the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, Great Britain wanted to have it outlawed as a weapon of war, but there was very little support and very much opposition to the suggestion. If the submarine is to be abolished it should be on its own demerits alone, and not because continental Europe wishes fatally to weaken the British Navy.

Captain Swillwind's Failure

By Vacuus Viator

THERE is much that we can profitably learn from America. But this does not include some things that she is willing, even anxious, to teach us. And among them certainly should not be included the "institution," as we may suppose Mr. Elijah Pogram would have had it, of Prohibition.

It may be charitably assumed that the denizens of our island empire who are endeavouring to import this hideous fiasco are as unconscious of its real results in the land of its origin as the Prohibition press would fain have all people that on earth do dwell. Now, while one must go to the literary organs of this intemperate temperance movement to learn its triumphs, it is quite sufficient to read the ordinary daily papers of the United States to become acquainted with its disasters and humiliations. Wherefore, we may regard ignorance as a valid excuse for the anti-drink propagandists in Great Britain.

Prohibition has been in force, or, to speak more accurately, has been legally existent, for more than five years. Its only partial success in its early stages was attributed to its want of organization and to concealed supplies which would soon disappear. "Wait," cried the enthusiasts, "wait until the old soaks have drunk themselves into their graves: wait until a generation shall arise that has never known the taste of the accursed thing." One of these mentally afflicted creatures predicted the certainty of all the world's being driven ultimately to total abstinence in sheer self-defence, through being unable to compete with the high-power efficiency in America, brought about by teetotalism.

Well, we have waited. Instead of old soaks we have young soaks. Girls and boys in their late teens and early twenties attend dances at fashionable clubs and refresh themselves from pocket whisky-flasks. Undoubtedly there are many places where this is not permitted, but the practice is common and increasing. It was estimated that forty million dollars' worth of what is, with quite unconscious humour, known as "rum" (which includes everything from champagne to Scotch whisky) was smuggled into the United States in 1924. Nor were home industries neglected: nearly sixteen thousand illicit

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stills were seized, probably but a small proportion of those actually in existence. The Acting Federal Prohibition Director of New York, Mr. W. H. Walker, estimates that 80 per cent. of the liquor consumed in the United States is of home manufacture. Even with all this solace, the taste of the population, whose Government by the Eighteenth Amendment to its Constitution forbids the manufacture or importation of wholesome wine, beer, and spirits, is still unassuaged in its longing for intoxicants. The importation of opium into the United States shows a consumption of this drug vastly in excess of that of any other country. The President of the Narcotic Education Association states that the legal importation is probably less than 12 grains *per capita*, but admits that about 90 per cent. of the narcotics used in the United States is smuggled. He adds: "The use of heroin is spreading rapidly, particularly among young people"; which confronts us anew with the hypothetical generation to grow up, ignorant of the taste of "rum."

There is, however, one strong inducement nowadays to "let it alone." The greater part of the liquor sold in the United States ranges from raw, immature whisky to stuff that is literally poison. Wood alcohol enters largely into its composition, and the drinking of this seductive fluid causes blindness or death. Of twenty-two samples of contraband liquor tested by the analyst of Trenton, New York, one only was fit for consumption. During the holiday season last Christmas eighty people were brought into Bellevue Hospital, New York, in a single day, suffering from poisonous liquor. A coroner in Philadelphia gives it as his opinion that the annual death-toll from this cause, in his city alone, totals 4,000 cases. Research into the evils of drinking that was once the perquisite of the teetotaller has now, by his efforts, lapsed into the hands of those professionally engaged in post-mortem work. Dr. Norris, after recent experience in Bellevue Hospital morgue, declares that the beverages now popular are made of denatured alcohol, wood alcohol, benzine, pyridin, bichloride of mercury, ether, kerosine, fusel oil, and sulphuric acid. Evidently there is no longer anything metaphorical in the adage, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die," except that one would hardly live to see the morrow after such chemical carousing.

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The Prohibitionists promised us that the Eighteenth Amendment would almost extinguish crime. Most criminals attribute their lapse from virtue to drink, wherefore etc. etc. And during the first year of Prohibition there were enough statistics to satisfy the most ardent exponent of total abstinence. Jails were half-empty, since there were no saloons, and the illicit purveyors had not yet organized their business.

Those who dilate on the blessings of Prohibition in the United States ignore also that, even officially, Prohibition is not general. In October last, a dispatch from Pittsburg announced that the Prohibition laws meant nothing to West Homestead. The Chief of the Police there stated that he was but acceding to the demands of the populace. He said: "If I did not permit the saloons to run, my borough would be cluttered with blind tigers, and stills would be as plentiful as cats. And it would likely also mean the murder of some of my policemen." He also depones (and probably with truth) that "West Homestead has fewer drunks than any city of its size in the United States." In view of this he arrested a federal Prohibition administrator for seizing a car-load of beer and emptying it in the streets. All of which must be very pretty reading for those who wish to introduce the American brand of Prohibition into the right little, tight little island. It would seem that instead of producing sobriety it would even make the inhabitants tighter, to say nothing of the cluttering of blind tigers (*anglice*, unlicensed grog-shops), plentiful stills and murdered policemen.

The Prohibition publications continue to assert that the law against strong liquor is eradicating crime. If this were true it would be at least worth consideration, if only from an economic point of view, since crime costs the United States about three and a half billion dollars annually. But practically all other opinions, including that of zealous abstainers and advocates of the amendment or abolition of the notorious Eighteenth for business purposes, do not agree with this theory. Mr. George W. Alger, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, declares: "We have a crime record that is unparalleled in the past history of the civilized world." For example, Chicago's murder record has increased by 80 per cent. from the year 1920. The Chief of Police in that interesting city

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endeavours to palliate its 1924 record of 350 murders by attributing 75 of them to "justifiable homicide." Besides leaving a considerable number over of a presumably unjustifiable type, it must make an ordinary Chicagoan uneasy when he reflects as to what constitutes a privilege to assassinate. Just why should people trouble to commit murder in a town where the results might be attained by merely inviting the intended victim to have a drink is rather puzzling, but perhaps these cases are classed as "justifiable," the unfortunate tippler being engaged in thereby breaking the law.

Nor is Chicago alone in that bad eminence. Last year there were 262 murders in New York against 27 in London. One of the inducements held out by the Prohibitionists was that political corruption, being largely linked with the saloon, would be hopelessly handicapped when rum was no more available. Never was a case in which a more complete reversal of prophecy has come to pass. Indeed, the Eighteenth Amendment has succeeded in producing what Milton energetically described as "in lowest depths a lower deep." It has even further debased the moral standard of the police throughout the United States. The mayor of one of the cities on the Pacific Coast inadvertently confirmed this particular type of official corruption when he declared that an attempt to investigate the incomes of the city police was "a cowardly attack on the force," and refused to sanction it. Occasionally they are brought to book: during April, 44 policemen and federal Prohibition agents were sent in one batch from Cincinnati to the State penitentiary to serve various sentences. But it is highly improbable that many of them are caught. The profits on illegal trading in alcoholic beverages is so enormous, and the salaries of those employed to break it up so insignificant compared with the perquisites, that corruption is almost impregnable. Highway robberies in broad noonday in crowded cities are common, and in a large number of these cases the perpetrators are ex-policemen. This is probably the explanation of the immunity which the criminals appear to enjoy from any molestation on the part of their former confrères in uniform. A favourite amusement of the latter is the rummaging of private automobiles, parked in front of their owners' offices, in the hope of

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finding bottles of whisky, which they confiscate. Under the resulting influence they shoot right and left at people evading arrest, even for slight offences. Recently a man suspected of shoplifting in a Pacific Coast town escaped from custody, and a policeman shot one bystander dead and crippled a woman for life in endeavouring to kill the fugitive. True, the murderer was suspended—not *per coll.*, but (temporarily) from the force.

Naturally the decent American citizen (really the majority, if he would but assert himself) feels bitterly the disgrace of having a law on the statute books of his country that the Government is unable to enforce, and which is the subject of about 15 per cent. of the jokes in the comic papers. Many who voted for the Eighteenth Amendment (posing under the misleading title of the Anti-saloon Movement) would be glad to have done with it if possible. But the difficulties in the way are considerable. In addition to the fanatics, there are now to be reckoned with hundreds of thousands of gangsters whose living depends upon there being an anti-liquor law to break. They are, of course, out-and-out Prohibitionists.

It is hardly possible that Prohibition would have such drastic results in Great Britain, but there is enough here to give us pause before trying experiments based on any paid propaganda from the United States. The only people benefited are those of the low-wage classes who cannot afford to pay \$8 for a bottle for "rum"—which is yet another railing accusation against the Eighteenth Amendment as introducing the principle of one law for the rich and another for the poor. But at present the "drys" seem to be much in the position of Captain Swillwind and his light horsemen, who rashly endeavoured to cut the vines pertaining to the abbey, and were so grievously handled by Friar John of the funnels and goblets. Even in the days of Gargantua, sumptuary laws were resented in the Old World.

Personally, I hated the American saloon, and am glad it is no more. I have not spent, on an average, five dollars a year on drinking during my life. I have not been intoxicated half a dozen times in my existence, and the few times I have may be classed as accidental. But temperance and American Prohibition are two very different things.

Too Much Schooling

Fads, Follies, and Failures of "Education"

By E. T. Good

A CHANGE in our education system is necessary. Teachers, parents, and employers are agreed on this point. What ought the change to be? The chief idea of educational "experts" is to go on raising the school age and multiplying the subjects, almost regardless of cost or consequences. I suggest that the ordinary curriculum be cut down by half; that the compulsory school age be reduced; that children obviously unfitted for advanced school education be liberated at an early age; that the educationally bright children be given all that the State can give; that teachers concentrate on small classes of selected scholars, instead of wasting so much time on those without aptitude for high-standard schooling; that we think more about promoting industrial skill and kitchen knowledge than classical scholarship; that, at all events, we cease trying to impose excessive schooling on minds unsuited for it. Give every child its chance, by all means; but drop this nonsense of training every boy as if he were going to be a lawyer, accountant, or school instructor, and every girl as if she were designed by Nature to become a commercial secretary or school teacher.

I suggest a sifting-out process in the schools. First give every child the chance of mastering what are called the three R's, and then provide the highest possible schooling for that minority likely to be capable of profiting by such schooling. At the age of ten or eleven we might have a preliminary sifting. On the recommendation of the teachers, and by the consent of the parents, let those boys and girls unfitted for ordinary education be either freed from school to get an early and proper grounding in useful labour, or be drafted to special industrial schools suitable for their aptitudes.

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Then at twelve, at thirteen, and at fourteen, we might have further tests or classifications, the idea being carefully to select those fitted for continued schooling, to reject those clearly unfitted, and so to allow the schools to have the right material to work upon in the higher classes, at the same time allowing the mechanical, handicraft, and kitchen trades of the nation to catch their recruits young and unspoiled by the "higher education."

There is an old saying about the impossibility of making silken purses out of pigs' ears. Our education cranks try to make scholars of 100 per cent. of our children, whilst it is questionable if more than 5 per cent. have either inclination, aptitude, or capacity to receive the higher schooling. In face of the proved failures of the system the faddists go on advocating more and more of this absurd brain-cramming indiscriminately upon the good, bad, and indifferent—in the school sense. As a matter of fact, civilization needs something more than classical scholarship.

If our educational "experts" are not checked they will soon impose compulsory schooling (with countless freak subjects) upon all boys and girls until fully grown-up (all the time keeping them from essential work and the idea of work); they will have nearly as many teachers and instructors as scholars, and at immense cost they will unfit the bulk of the population for ordinary industrial and domestic duties. Fifty years of this universal, compulsory system has half converted a brave, enterprising, and intensely industrious nation into jellyfish, fops, and loafers. It is time to cry halt! It is time, indeed, to change the movement. It stands condemned.

The compulsory school age is already too high, save for a very small minority of children. The curriculum is overloaded. Many children are over-crammed. There is too strong a disposition to concentrate on play, on freak subjects, and to indulge in protracted school holidays—giving children a wrong idea of life and industry—whilst imposing long-night home lessons on very young children, to the detriment of health. Whilst many are over-crammed with matters beyond their brain capacity, the minority specially fitted and inclined to profit by high scholarship are neglected. The time of the

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teacher is so much occupied trying to bring up the dullards to an efficiency standard that there is little time left to cultivate the quick-wits. The schools are attempting too much, and the general result is, therefore, poor. The majority of children, after about nine years of schooling, are deplorably ignorant of the things that matter; they have little interest in, or inclination for, useful work; they rapidly forget the subjects supposed to be learned; their manners are bad; their sense of citizenship is low.

Before this brain-cramming system was imposed we were at the head of the nations in industry, in commerce, in political influence, and all things that mattered. Now, after half a century of the system, and in spite of the magnificent lead, wealth, and resources we inherited from our "uneducated" fathers and grandfathers, we are on the down grade. Our industrial output is disgracefully low, relatively to our machinery. We are too lazy to get coal or build houses rapidly or economically enough for our wants. We yell like maniacs for the last ounce of efficiency on the football field, but in the office, mine, and factory we shirk our work. Countless Englishmen of the present generation regard a day's fair work as a hardship, they will take no business risk, they will not strike out for themselves, they will face no rough or pioneer life, but seem to want wrapping in cottonwool. Compared with only two or three generations back, we are a poor lot. In industry after industry we are being beaten by more hard-working, more thrifty, more patriotic people. It is largely due to a faulty schooling system. This system is a purgatory to the true teacher, a cruelty to the child, and a blight on industrial and household efficiency. The root fault is that we give the teacher a big class of all sorts—bright, dull, and daft, in the educational sense—and expect him (or her) to get good results from all. The task is impossible, and in attempting it we ruin, or half ruin, the children. Let us have more simplicity, more discrimination, more sense of proportion.

For the proper conduct of our social and industrial organization we need a few (and only a few) scholars, but many craftsmen and labourers—and scullery maids. Nature, in her wisdom, meets the need exactly. She gives us a small minority of boys who delight in schooling,

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in book knowledge, in what is regarded as "education," and a big majority who dislike this kind of thing, but who are well fitted, physically and mentally, for growing corn, building walls, and navigating ships. Whilst it is quite right that the minority should have as many years at school, college, or university, as they are fitted for, it is only stating a common-sense proposition to say that the vast majority of boys should get into industry, and girls into the kitchen, at a very early age, after a very few years at school. The child with a special aptitude and desire for what is called high education will get such education without the State trying to impose it. We outrage the works and designs of Nature with our indiscriminate and preposterous cramming as if all children were alike, and were all going to engage in "office" occupations.

In trying to make scholars of all children we not only handicap the educationally quick-witted by too much association with the dullards, and by causing the teachers to devote their main attentions to the dullards, to the neglect of the quick-wits, but we put the educationally dull children out of love with everything labelled education, we make them dislike, if not detest, learning, and, incidentally, we keep them out of line with occupations which, otherwise, they would be eminently fitted to undertake. We are destroying the industrial efficiency of our race, just as we are undermining parental responsibility—one of the foundations of civilization. Many of our boys (and girls) get sick of school long before the leaving age; they come to regard learning as a task, because it is imposed on them; upon leaving school they quickly forget their lessons, and, unfortunately, they are too old, or too strongly disinclined, to get down to the fundamentals of useful industry.

Take the problem of the ordinary office boy. Although our school system seems to have been specially designed to make clerks, it is not very successful. Many employers find great difficulty with boys supposed to be well educated. The boys have been so crammed with classical subjects, arts and sciences, and they have reached such an advanced age before they enter the commercial office, that they imagine they know all there is to be known,

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that their ideas must be better than those of "old-fashioned" business men, and in countless cases the moulding of such youths into practical commercials is a far more difficult task than it would be if they left school with a more plain and elementary education, and entered the office at a more adaptable age.

The same with boys who are going to be mechanics. The workshop, and not the school, is the place for apprenticeship. The mechanical efficiency of England was built up—and built very high—before our school experts in handicrafts were born. Why should a boy marked out by his parents to be an engineer, or a cutler, be kept at school till he is fifteen or sixteen to be stuffed with knowledge of an academic nature? The best years of life, from the industrial efficiency point of view, are wasted. The blacksmith in the shop, and not the professor in the school, is the man to teach a boy to become a blacksmith. It is no business of the State to teach a medley of mixed handicrafts and classics to all boys regardless of their abilities and future trades.

So, too, with what is called domestic science. The kitchen is the place to learn, and the time to begin learning is at a very early age. The bulk of the young women to-day, who have had all these domestic lessons at school, are incapable of cooking a simple, old-fashioned English breakfast or dinner properly. They may know something about the percentages of various materials to make a tart, but they cannot properly stoke an oven, cook a smoked haddock or a sausage, nor can they wash pots clean, lay a fire, or set a table decently. The fact that the schools are supposed to teach domestic subjects inclines mothers to shirk the duty of teaching the girls at home. And the schools, whilst failing to teach kitchen economics properly, unfit the girls for real house-work by cramming their brains with scholarly matters, giving them the idea that they are "above domestic service." There is no sort nor kind of education for girls so valuable, so essential, as that to be obtained in the kitchen of a well-managed house. Our schools keep the girls out of the kitchen too long, if not altogether.

Then there is the question of games. Our school authorities are busying themselves to teach children

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"organized games." There may be some excuse for this kind of thing at colleges or schools where the children live in; but for the ordinary scholar there is surely plenty of time for play outside school hours. Besides, it is so natural for children to play, when they have the chance, that there is no need for the State to pay men and women to teach games. Moreover, the unnatural development of the idea of play within school hours saps the idea of hard work. Our schools are turning out multitudes of experts in the art of "ca' canny."

Dancing, too, is no proper subject for teaching at the expense of the State. Schools should be training grounds for workers and thinkers, and nothing more. Well may Dr. Cyril Norwood, of Marlborough College, confess that "nine-tenths of English school children are getting only a sham education. They are not taught to think for themselves, and only have the instinct to move each as one of a flock."

The ideas which some of our educational experts have of utilizing school time, of employing teachers, and of preparing children for practical work, may be gathered from such tests as the following:

A woman asked her age, replied, "Twice my present age, multiplied by my age fifteen years hence, is 135 times what my age was ten years ago." How old was she?

A table, a chair, and a stool cost altogether £8 10s. 6d. The table is worth four chairs, and the chair is worth six stools. What is the cost of each?

With such useless puzzles set as education tests, with so much time occupied with games, dancing, etc., need we wonder at the ignorance of every-day subjects, of industrial, social, and health matters displayed by the multitudes of boys and girls turned out of our schools, after nine, ten, or a dozen years of "instruction" at the public cost?

Our secondary schools and training colleges for teachers are the worst parts of our education system. In these institutions little seems to matter but a capacity for imbibing book knowledge and passing written examinations according to pedantic ideas. Young men and women who have passed through all this with distinction, and are in many cases given the work of teaching our

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children, are densely and appallingly ignorant of the world, its industries and institutions, of the common wants of the people. Their logic, their reasoning faculties, their power to grasp a conversational point, their ability to express themselves on paper, are mostly very poor. I have a short note from a young lady who has recently finished at a secondary school. It contains, roughly, 100 words. There are half a dozen mistakes in it. There are some bad spelling errors. One sentence is so worded that neither I nor anybody I have shown the letter to can conceive what its meaning is. I know products of secondary schools and teachers' training colleges who talk thus: "Say, kid, I was at a ripping posh do last night. Lot of regular snips there. Awfully jolly crowd." The way the word awful is misapplied to everything nice and everybody generous or clever, is proof in itself that these "educated" persons do not pay ordinary respect to their national language or weigh the meaning of the words they use. And these be teachers! I have seen letters written by these "educated" folk without address, name, or date—no indication to where they might be returned in case of loss in the post; no use for filing purposes; some of them badly composed, and in their manner lacking in the common courtesies of correspondence.

It is scarcely stretching language to say that our elementary schools turn out work-shys; that our secondary schools make dunderheads; and that our high colleges and universities produce a large proportion of snobs and duds.

With a right system of national education we should see better manners, more general intelligence, and higher industrial and commercial qualifications. Fifty years ago, when we started this compulsory and universal "education," we were at the head of the nations and making further and rapid progress. We had superlative capacities for working, inventing, organizing, pioneering, colonizing, civilizing—in a sentence, we were industrious, enterprising, brave, and moral. There was belief in a fair day's work. There was real dignity of labour. There was respect for the aged. There was studied consideration for the women folk. Fit men scorned public relief. To-day we stand beaten in a dozen industries. We have not

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the sense to organize the Empire our forefathers built up. We have let our naval supremacy go. We have no more idea of meeting foreign commercial competition than we have of circumventing foreign political designs. We are too indolent to build enough good houses for ourselves. Our industrial output per man, notwithstanding superior appliances, is far below that of our grandfathers.

Previous generations not only kept themselves, but they left the country richer than they found it. We are living to a large extent on our capital—on the reserves created by our predecessors. We are not extending the trade and influence of our country as our “uneducated” forefathers did. The average Englishman of to-day shirks his work from Monday to Saturday, and is then too lazy to carve the joint on his own table on Sunday. He is as unfair to his wife and children as to his employer. We are supposed to be a commercial nation. Not more than one Englishman in a hundred knows any language but his own—another black mark against our costly education system. Not more than one Englishman in ten can talk intelligently on any serious problem or subject. His intelligence is strictly limited to what he calls sport. The majority spend their time studying betting odds and football. The minority indulge in frothy agitation. The nation, in the bulk, has no mind for either intellectual study or serious work. Our schooling system is at the bottom of the trouble—a trouble which imperils the future, even the existence, of England. It is time for an educational profit and loss account—and for a drastic change.

The Very First Zeppelin

By Francis Gribble

It may not be generally known that bombing from balloons was predicted rather more than a hundred years before balloons were invented. The curious will find the prediction in a work by the Jesuit Father, Francesco de Lana Terzi, published in 1670.

The Father, like so many Jesuits in those days, was a man of science as well as a priest. He gave some very good scientific reasons for his expectation that a means of navigating the air would presently be discovered; but he added that he had his doubts whether God would allow any such invention to take effect in view of "the disturbance it would cause to the civil government of men." For if it did, he said, the navigators would be able to shower "artificial fireworks and fire balls" upon anything which they desired to destroy. "And this they may do," he concluded, "not only to Ships, but to great Buildings, Castles, and Cities, with such security that they which cast these things down from a height out of Gun-shot, cannot on the other side be offended by those from below."

Whence it is clear that our Jesuit, though he foresaw the bomber, did not foresee the anti-aircraft gun; and, of course, as we all know, it was not for bombing purposes that balloons were first used in war.

Their very first use in the early days of the French Revolution was for the purpose of dropping propagandist pamphlets behind the enemy's lines. There soon followed the observation balloon, which helped Jourdan to beat the Austrians at the battle of Fleurus, in 1794, and of which we are given a vivid impressionist picture in Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution":

"Hangs there not in heaven's vault some prodigy seen by Austrian eyes and Austrian spy-glasses, in the similitude of an enormous wind-bag with netting and an enormous saucer depending from it? By Heaven,

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answer spy-glasses, it is a Montgolfière, a balloon, and they are making signals! Austrian cannon battery barks at this Montgolfière, harmless as dog at the moon."

The observation balloons, however, achieved only a moderate success, and did not seem to have come to stay. It was a long business inflating them, and they were very difficult to transport. Ballooning material was sent out to Napoleon in Egypt; but it was not thought worth while to replace it after it had been destroyed in the Battle of the Nile, and only a short time elapsed before the personnel of the French aeronautical service—the only service of the kind in any army—was disbanded.

It was dispersed in 1804. Nothing more is heard of military balloons for the next eight years; but then we suddenly hear of a dirigible which was confidently expected to revolutionize the art of war.

We are in 1812. Napoleon was invading Russia. The Grand Army had crossed the Niemen and was marching on Moscow. The citizens of Moscow were in a state of panic; and Rostopchin, the Governor of that city, issued a proclamation designed to reassure them. There was no cause whatever for alarm, he said. He had in his possession a new tactical weapon—a mysterious engine of war which would destroy the invader and all his forces "in less time than it takes to talk about it." And then he revealed his secret, and informed the Muscovites that his novel and marvellous instrument of destruction was a balloon "in which fifty men could navigate the air, either with the wind or against it."

Evidently something had happened between 1804 and 1812. A new inventor had, in fact, cropped up. He is an inventor who, curiously enough, receives only a passing and casual mention in our most important and exhaustive histories of aeronautics—a neglect the stranger in view of the fact that, in this story of what may reasonably be styled "the very first Zeppelin," the name of Zeppelin actually appears.

Not, however, as an inventor, but as one of the inventor's patrons. The inventor was a certain Franz Leppich, a German, born at Mordersheim, in Franconia, in 1775. It is said that he had, at one time, held a captain's commission in the British Army, though one

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searches the Army Lists of the period vainly for his name. If he was ever in the service, he was certainly out of it in 1810, for we find him, in that year, at Vienna, occupied with the arts of peace, inventing and exhibiting a new musical instrument called the *Pan-melodicon*.

There was nothing very remarkable about this *Pan-melodicon*. An elaborate and verbose definition of it, given in a German musical dictionary, indicates that it was neither more nor less than a musical box. It interested the world, however, as an ingenious novelty, and Leppich earned his living by travelling about with it, exhibiting it in various musical centres. He took it to Paris among other places, projecting other more ambitious plans; and while he was in Paris, in 1811, he submitted to Napoleon a project for the construction of a dirigible balloon, representing that a whole army might be wiped out by raining explosives from it.

Napoleon, however, was not impressed. His experience of military balloons, as we have seen, had not been encouraging. So he not only declined to have anything to do with the invention, but, as we should say, recommended the inventor for deportation. A year later, when he was planning his Russian campaign, he changed his mind, and sent for him.

He was too late. Leppich had other views, had found other patrons, and made other arrangements. Let us follow him.

On leaving Paris he had gone first to Tübingen, and thence to Stuttgart; and it is at Stuttgart that the name of Zeppelin comes into the story. Count Zeppelin—the grandfather of the Count Zeppelin famous in our own times—was then the Württemberg Foreign Minister. Leppich obtained an introduction to him, and laid his plans before him. The invention was of no use to Württemberg at a time when all Germany was either allied to Napoleon or prostrate at his feet; but Count Zeppelin had a happy thought.

It would be good for Germany, he realized, that Napoleon should come to grief in Russia; so he passed Leppich on to Count Alopeus, the Russian Minister at Stuttgart, and Alopeus jumped at his proposal.

Events were moving fast. Napoleon's attack on

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Russia was known to be imminent. So Alopeus did not waste time in waiting to ask for instructions from his Government, but closed with the inventor on his own responsibility, and sent him to Moscow, where he arrived on June 8, 1812, rather more than a fortnight before the Grand Army crossed the Niemen. The Tsar, impressed by Alopeus's report, had sent an autograph letter, instructing the Governor of Moscow to afford him every facility for the construction of his novel engine of war, and, at the same time, to see to it that his proceedings were enveloped in the closest mystery.

Rostopchin, of course, obeyed his imperial master's orders. Leppich was instantly set to work in a nobleman's park, in a village, a few miles outside the city. Alexander himself, accompanied by Stein, who was then in Russia, working for the delivery of Germany through a Russian alliance, paid a visit of inspection to the construction yard. A plan of campaign was agreed upon. The arrival of the Grand Army was to be awaited. The balloon was to cruise about until it was over Napoleon's tent, and then drop its explosives upon it.

What did Rostopchin think about it all?

He subsequently declared, in his published account of the burning of Moscow, that too much fuss had been made about it by people who wanted the Russians to look ridiculous. That may be one of the reasons why the balloon has almost dropped out of the histories of aeronautics. But there is plenty of evidence, quite apart from the manifesto to the people of Moscow quoted above, that he believed himself, at the time, to have got hold of a thoroughly good thing. His reports to the Tsar are eloquent of that. Here are a few extracts from them:

Early in June we find Rostopchin writing that he is "delighted to have made the acquaintance of a man whose invention will put an end to war, deliver the human race from its infernal oppressor, and make his imperial Majesty the arbiter of Kings and the benefactor of humanity." At the end of June he writes professing himself "completely convinced of the success" of the invention—so much so, indeed, that he has "made a friend of Leppich," and is "cherishing his invention like a beloved child." In July follows the announcement

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that good progress is being made, that he is getting a crew of fifty men together for the balloon, and that General Kutusoff shares his confidence in the wonders which it will work.

But then came disillusion, long delayed, but complete. In a dispatch dated September 10, Rostopchin sums up his disgust and disappointment in the words: "This man Leppich is a lunatic and an impostor."

But that seems exaggerated. Leppich, in truth, was no more a lunatic and impostor than is any inventor whose invention does not quite come off because the material at his disposal and the technical skill of his mechanics are not quite adequate to translate his theories into practice.

He had duly constructed his balloon—an enormous wind-bag with, it is recorded, a rigid frame, which it is said to have taken five days to inflate. He had provided it with wings, which were to have propelled it. The trouble was that the wings were not strong enough. When they were used they broke. Before fresh wings could be made and fitted to the balloon the French arrived, and found Leppich's dirigible lying, a helpless monster, on the ground. The explosives which it was to have dropped on Napoleon's head are said to have been used for the burning of Moscow, and Leppich himself is said to have been summoned to Saint Petersburg, and to have made another unsuccessful attempt to build a practicable dirigible there.

That is the story; and the appearance in it of the name of Zeppelin suggests that the experiments of the more famous Zeppelin were first inspired by the tales of his grandfather on the subject.

The Price of Immortality

By Roy Devereux

"I'M not asking you to tell me how you do it, for I doubt whether you know yourself," said John Lockhart's guest towards the end of their habitual *tête-à-tête* dinner. "I suppose it's just a proof of the difference between genius and talent—your genius and my talent."

"Perhaps it's nothing more than a peculiar quality of sight," replied his host, with that ironical smile, which made the famous portrait painter a man of few friends. "I can't explain it. But sometimes when I find myself face to face with a new subject the body of the sitter seems to clarify till it becomes like a sort of transparent sheath. Then I know that the thing I'm painting is the colour and the texture of the soul."

"That's what our dear psychics would call clairvoyance——" yet in spite of the raillery in Alan Thorpe's voice his eyes rested upon his comrade-in-art with an expression of frank and affectionate admiration.

"Call it what you like," responded the latter slowly, "I've never dabbled in those mysteries. I'm content to translate the human hieroglyph into terms of paint, but after all painting is only our form of interpretation."

"Yes—though personally, I never get below the skin. Except you, John, we all stop at the obvious, and what's more most of us know it. Artists are an acrimonious lot, but somehow, no one seems to grudge you your success."

A shadow fell over Lockhart's uncouth features. "They needn't, God knows," he said with intense bitterness.

Thorpe leant upon his elbows across the polished table.

"Look here, old chap. You've got to chuck this solitary, hermit existence. It's getting on your nerves."

"For what?" queried his host drearily.

"For anything human. Dine out for a bit, man—dance—fall in love. Yes, I mean it—a woman's the best antidote to the shut-in, shut-up kind of life you lead. Even marriage——"

The expression of his friend's face arrested the flow of

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uninvited counsel. There was no resentment in it, only a dumb despair. So, Thorpe reflected as he recalled their conversation, might a man look who listens to a sentence of death passed upon him for a crime he had never committed. Lockhart rose abruptly from the table, throwing away the end of his cigar.

"Take a good look at me, Alan," he remarked simply, "and don't talk any more nonsense about women. Their eyes invariably stop at the skin."

"Forgive me—I never meant——" stammered his companion, with the sensation of having unwittingly stepped upon a sick animal. A quick gesture of his friend's hand upon his shoulder reassured him, however, for between these two, so dissimilar in character and circumstance, a sincere if inarticulate sympathy had existed ever since their student days, when their common love of art and some less definable attraction had drawn the handsome and wealthy Alan Thorpe towards the poor, ill-favoured lad who even then gave evidence of vision and power far beyond his fellows.

The only other person for whom John Lockhart was known to care was his servant, Peter, who at that moment entered the room. Peter's devotion to his master dated from the battle of the Marne, where the latter, then captain of a company, had crawled out of the British lines under cover of the night to rescue his servant, lying desperately wounded in No-man's-land. Instead of returning to his former trade—burglary—at the end of the war, Peter had constituted himself the guardian of his saviour, whom he served in the capacity of secretary, nurse, cook, and valet.

"It's the gentleman who called this afternoon while you were working, sir," he explained, holding out a card as if in anticipation of a rough reception.

"Mr. Ezra F. Selwyn," read his master in an irritable tone. "You know, Peter, I never see chance callers in the evening."

"So I told the gentleman, but he wants you to make an appointment for to-morrow if you can't see him to-night."

"Better see the fellow now than be disturbed in the morning," put in Thorpe. "I'm off, anyway."

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"Well, if you really must go," said the artist as their hands met. Then to his servant he added: "Let Mr. Thorpe out and then show the gentleman in here."

Left to himself Lockhart extinguished the candles upon the little table at which he and his friend had dined, and pushed it into a corner. Then touching a switch he flooded the vast penumbra of the studio with light. It illuminated a sombre magnificence of drapery and decoration. But for the pictures on easels scattered about, and the other signs of its owner's occupation, one might have imagined oneself in an Eastern palace.

Turning, Lockhart was conscious of a large man in immaculate evening dress coming towards him across the wide field of Oriental carpet. The easy swing of the stranger's huge body suggested carefully trained muscles. His features looked as if they had been carved by a harsh hand in the granite expanse of his clean-shaven face, yet his smile had a spontaneous geniality that indicated even temper and amply satisfied ambition.

"Proud to make your acquaintance, Mr. Lockhart," he exclaimed with a slight American accent and an outstretched hand. "Your man did his best to keep me out, but I just had to see you right away."

"What can I do for you, Mr. —," answered the artist, making an effort to recall the name of his visitor.

"Selwyn," the stranger interposed as both men sat down. "Ezra F. Selwyn, president of the American Forward Bank. My wife and I are in Europe on a short vacation, and she's set her heart on taking a portrait back to New York. Now what time to-morrow can you give her a sitting, and how many sittings do you need?"

Lockhart repressed the annoyance which these summary tactics inspired.

"Do I understand," he asked, "that your—that Mrs. Selwyn wants me to paint her portrait?"

"Why, certainly. You're a great artist—the greatest it seems in your line—and my wife's a great woman. 'Ezra,' she said, when we were at your show yesterday, 'if you want a portrait of me you must get John Lockhart to do it.' So now you know why I'm here."

"I'm sorry," said the artist bluntly, "but I can't take another commission for three months at least."

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"Gee! We can't wait that long. We're sailing in ten days."

"Impossible," he reiterated. "I've promised more work than I can get through as it is."

"Let them wait," insisted the stranger. "My wife's worth it. She's a beauty—a raging, tearing beauty."

"My dear sir," was the reply with a movement of impatience. "If Mrs. Selwyn were Venus herself I couldn't paint her now."

"Of course," pursued Mrs. Selwyn's husband, "you shall name your own price."

"It's not a question of price," snapped Lockhart, rising with the obvious intention of ending the interview.

"My! That's a lovely thing," ejaculated the American approaching a portrait on the easel beside him. "What you call three-quarter length, isn't it? My wife wanted something like your big portrait of her friend, Mrs. Schmidt, but as we're pressed for time I'm sure she'd be content with a three-quarter length. See here, Mr. Lockhart, Mrs. Schmidt paid 10,000 dollars for hers—so she said—I'm prepared to double that for half the size."

If the generosity of the offer made any impression upon the artist he gave no sign of it. Even the smoke from his cigar, at which he took a vigorous pull, mounted towards the lofty rafters in a contemptuous curl.

Just then a brain wave struck the undaunted intruder. "Darned if I haven't forgotten my best bull point. Mrs. Selwyn's a compatriot of yours—British to the marrow of her bones. She was one of the Morants, of —, what's the name of the place—anyway she was a Morant—Isabel Morant."

A long shiver shot through John Lockhart's heavy frame as he rose involuntarily to his feet. "Isabel Morant?" he repeated scarcely above a whisper.

"You know the name, of course—family goes way back. Now as a patriotic Britisher you can't refuse to paint the most stunning woman England ever produced."

"I'll paint your wife's portrait," capitulated the artist, after a slight pause. "Tell her to come here at three to-morrow."

"Sure!" responded the stranger gaily, "and don't forget the *Berengaria* sails on the 25th."

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"It will be finished in eight days—provided Mrs. Selwyn is willing to sit for two or three hours every day."

"Every day and all day if you like," answered the lady's husband taking up his hat. "My offer stands, Mr. Lockhart, and my thanks with it. Good night."

"Good night," echoed the artist hoarsely as he followed his visitor to the door of the studio. When the clang of the outer gate sounded in his ears John Lockhart threw himself upon a divan and yielded himself with a groan to the surging tide of memory.

Its onrush blotted out twenty years of struggle and privation, culminating in a success complete enough to have compensated a weaker man. To John Lockhart it had brought nothing but a grim satisfaction. He had forced fate to pay him the first instalment of an immeasurable debt—that was all. No healing glow, no warm delight invaded his starved soul. Art, like an insatiable mistress, merely demanded more—more toil, a more exclusive devotion. And he had responded to the demand till, like a galley slave chained to his oar, the task of spreading paint upon canvas absorbed his whole life and energy. Clients, honours, wealth—they assailed him constantly and successfully. Once only he had tried to escape—and then he had failed. Isabel Morant—Isabel Morant!

Every hour they had spent together fell out of the reservoir of memory, as blood drops from a wound. He saw her again—the daughter of a hundred squires—coming through the spring woods to meet him—the shiftless son of the village doctor. What a white and exquisite thing she was, with the joy of life pulsing feverishly through her fine veins! How he had loved her—even when at parting she had derided him—the Beast—for his dumb aspiration towards beauty! Did she identify, he wondered, the celebrated painter with the goblin companion of her girlhood? More probably she had forgotten him, even to his name. If only she failed to recognize him to-morrow—if only he might be spared the mockery of her eyes!

To-morrow he would have to endure the torture of examining every feature of her face, every line of her body, so that he might recreate her for eternity. Why

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had he consented to suffer that ordeal? Even Christ, he reflected, was only crucified once!

The Beast—that was the name she had given him. It was doubly merited to-day. The man of forty-five, repellent in his ugliness, had more than fulfilled the promise of his ungainly youth.

* * * * *

On the following afternoon a ring at the door-bell about five minutes to three relaxed the tension of the artist's nerves.

"Yes, it really is dear old Jack!" He heard as in a dream the voice of the woman who entered, "what a pleasure to see you again!"

As he answered her greeting mechanically the artist asked himself if he were not the victim of some horrible illusion. Had his memory tricked him utterly, or was life even more cruel than he imagined? Was it possible that these jaded eyes, leering at him through a mask of cosmetic were the same that had once outshone his stars? Could this ambulant mass of insincerity and artifice have once been Isabel Morant?

"I thought it would save time if I dressed before coming here," Mrs. Selwyn remarked as she threw off the long cloak which enveloped her to show a daring toilette of green and gold brocade, out of whose scanty folds a withered neck and arms protruded. "But I couldn't make up my mind about the jewels. Shall it be pearls or these emeralds and diamonds?"

As she spoke a maid whose presence in the studio he had not perceived came forward with an open jewel-case in her hand.

"Oh! just whatever you like," the artist assented as she waited for his reply.

"Then I think—the emeralds. They belonged to a Russian Grand Duchess, you know, quite unique and such a price, too. But Ezra's so generous. Now," she continued, as the maid adjusted the tiara and necklace, "do you want me to sit or to stand?"

"Sit here, please," was the laconic reply as Lockhart moved a dais with a beautiful Gothic chair upon it into place. He wondered why the pressure of her hand on

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the arm he extended to help her on to the platform was so distasteful to him, and why the silent exit of the maid from the room filled him with dread.

"Isn't it odd we should meet again like this," resumed the lady with something of the old caressing cadence in her voice. "I'm just longing to hear what you've been doing all these years?"

"I'm sorry," he jerked out as he began to paint diligently, "I can't talk while I'm working."

"Don't tell me I must keep quiet, too, because I simply can't."

"Not at all," he answered in a professional tone, "you can talk as much as you like."

"I do love your studio," she went on, "it's so sumptuous, so original—just the right atmosphere in fact. But you always were clever. I'm not at all surprised at your success. I always felt there was more in you than met the eye. By the way, Ezra told me he'd the hardest job of his life to get you to do my portrait. Of course you didn't know who I was at first? What did it, he said, was the patriotic stunt. How I laughed! But Ezra's really a dear—so kind and unselfish. He thinks nothing's good enough for me. Americans are the only men fit to marry nowadays."

"Yes—yes, of course," murmured the artist involuntarily as she paused to take breath.

"I used to wonder whether you'd ever married," she remarked archly, "then a man who knew you—I forget his name—told me you were a confirmed bachelor. He declared you hated women and society and everything but art. Of course I didn't believe a word of that."

Lockhart painted on furiously. As he became absorbed in the artistic problem he had set himself to solve he experienced again that curious release of his perceptive faculties from the rest of his personality. The inane monologue, pouring incessantly from the woman on the dais, seemed to recede into space. Her name sank, with his own identity, into the jungle of the unconscious. He saw nothing now but her predatory soul flickering behind the fig-leaf of metallic tissue and twinkling through the facets of the jewels that hung about her.

Day after day she came to the studio and babbled

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through the hours while the artist painted, silent and relentless. After she had left him, shattered, Lockhart began to perceive he was painting the thing he saw as he saw it. With the others, the many women whose portraits he had painted, he had always managed to put a break upon the truth—the soul-truth—of them which urged itself upon his sight. With Isabel Morant he could not. Or was it that he would not?

It was not, however, until the fourth day, when she insisted upon seeing how the portrait was getting on, that he realized to what infernal vengeance the impulse of his half-conscious will was leading him. He was prepared for the explosion which Mrs. Selwyn's first view of the portrait would, he judged, precipitate. But after gazing at it for a few minutes in silence she merely turned towards the artist and said quietly: "Well, it's not finished yet."

On the afternoon of the fifth day Lockhart was unable to suppress an exclamation of surprise as Mrs. Selwyn, arriving, cast aside her cloak as usual. The sumptuous brocade, the jewels, the rouge had disappeared. Isabel Morant in the simple white muslin of the spring woods stood before him.

"What does this mean?" he stammered.

"Only that Isabel Morant has risen from the dead. You've brought her back to life, Jack." It was the voice of youth and love speaking again.

"Don't—don't——" he gasped, covering his eyes with his hands as if to shut out the mirage of the past which the present had defiled.

He felt her fingers fluttering over his. "This is the real me, Jack. This is how I want you to paint me."

"No—no, I can't do it—I won't—— Enough of this farce," he cried, pushing her away from him roughly.

"Why not?" she pleaded. "You loved me then and I loved you. Oh! I know you don't believe it, but it's true all the same. That was our moment—the one perfect moment in our lives. Don't you see that by painting it you'll make it ours for ever?"

On and on she talked in the same strain. Gradually the velvet tone of her voice and the light pressure of the hands—the hands he used to compare to butterflies—on

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his head seemed to dissolve his will as acid dissolves steel. Finally, scarcely knowing what he did, he seized her in his arms and carried her to the dais from which he hurled the chair.

"Stand," he commanded tersely. Then, throwing down the canvas upon which he had recorded the decadence of Isabel Morant, he set a fresh one upon the easel and started to brush in, with nervous and masterly strokes, a new portrait. Mrs. Selwyn's appealing eyes never left his face.

Hours passed during which no word was spoken. Suddenly Lockhart perceived it was nearly dark.

"Forgive me," he entreated, putting down his palette, "you must be exhausted."

She shook her head and stepped daintily off the dais. As he wrapped her cloak around her, she whispered:

"I shall come early to-morrow so as to give us more time. Good night, Jack."

He caught the hand that rested on his arm, and closing his eyes, crushed it against his heart. When he opened them again Isabel Morant was gone.

And the evening and the morning were the sixth and seventh days.

Early on the eighth day John Lockhart waited for his client beside a finished portrait. It represented Isabel Morant at the time of their first meeting, when she was, although the artist was unaware of the fact, in her thirty-second year. It was Isabel, idealized by the alchemy of passionate love. To Mrs. Selwyn, as the world knew her, the resemblance was barely recognizable. Artistically speaking, the portrait was a masterpiece.

Since dawn the artist had sat before the work of his hands in rapt contemplation. His absorption was, indeed, so complete that he was not conscious of the arrival of the original. As Mrs. Selwyn crept up behind his chair and gazed at the miraculous image of her lost self, which she had forced the artist to resurrect, a triumphant smile spread slowly from her eyes to her lips.

"It's perfect, Jack," she crooned, "don't touch it any more."

"I can't bear to part with it," he burst out, pressing his lips to her hand as he rose. "Promise me you'll let

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me paint another just like it for myself when you come back next year."

"I promise," she responded nervously, "on condition that you let me take the portrait now. I've kept the car on purpose."

"But you're not going yet? This is not good-bye," he protested, with the old agony creeping into his heart and voice.

"I'll come back for a little chat in the afternoon. But I must have the portrait now, for the men are waiting to hang it."

"Hang it? Where?"

"In my drawing-room at the hotel. No one, not even my husband, is to be allowed to see it till to-morrow night. I've invited all our friends—you, too, of course—to a good-bye dinner. Then, after dinner, I shall draw the curtain myself. Don't you think that's a brilliant idea?"

"You know quite well," he answered sullenly, "that if I could have my way no one but myself should ever see that portrait."

Mrs. Selwyn moved swiftly towards the door. "Justine," she called sharply, "Justine!"

"Let Peter take it," growled the artist, "he knows how to handle pictures."

The two servants entered and removed the picture with care, Lockhart surveying the operation in taciturn silence. Mrs. Selwyn, standing at the entrance, pressed a note into Peter's hand as he returned to the kitchen, shutting the door behind him. For an instant she hesitated.

Then turning back into the studio she threw a pile of notes upon the floor, hissing in a voice full of concentrated venom:

"Beast! Fool! Take your wages!"

Before the artist realized what had happened the grating diminuendo of the motor-car had died into the distance.

* * * * *

When Peter entered the studio with his master's luncheon, the artist was earnestly engaged in putting the finishing touches to the portrait of Mrs. Selwyn in her splendour of emerald and gold. It would not be fair to

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describe it as a caricature. It was, in fact, a savage likeness of that lady's face as Lockhart had last beheld it.

"Peter," he called abruptly, laying down his brushes. "I want to ask you a question. Do you remember that night on the Marne?"

"The night you saved my life, sir? I'm not likely to forget it."

"And if I asked you to save my life—now?"

Peter stood with the spoons in his hand, mystified. "There's nothing," he replied at length, "I wouldn't do for you, sir. I think you know that."

"It'll mean a return—just for once—to your old trade—the trade you followed before the war purged us of all our sins."

"I—— I'm afraid I don't understand, sir——"

"I'll explain. Sit down here——"

* * * * *

In the annals of the Hotel Ritz nothing, either from the social or the culinary point of view, ever approached the glory of the Selwyns' farewell dinner. All London that counts was there, as well as a good deal of New York. Among the sixty chosen guests there was just the right proportion of elegant and escutcheoned listeners to stimulate the stars to their best conversational style. Each toilette was a sonnet—each dish a symphony—each phrase an epigram. Yet all were but a prelude to a still more transcendent triumph of art in the shape of John Lockhart's portrait of the hostess, which awaited their repletion upstairs.

The ladies, repudiating a vestal vigil, insisted upon a general exodus from the dinner table to Mrs. Selwyn's drawing-room, where a bank of lilies lifted their snowy fragrance beneath the shrouded picture, like incense before a shrine. Finally, when anticipation was becoming a burden, the hostess's butterfly hand grasped the cord to unveil her portrait.

The curtain swung aside, revealing the green and gold brocade, the emerald and diamond coronet—and Mrs. Selwyn as she had appeared to the artist in that ultimate moment when she cast at his feet the price of immortality.

The Function of Words

By Penrhyn Chave

A WORD is primarily an idea expressed in terms of sound, the vocal representation of a mental image. It is the symbol of a vision, and in a society where men desire to share and interchange their visions it is the most exact and common means whereby such communication can be carried out. A word raises in the mind of the hearer an idea corresponding to that in the mind of the speaker, and the more truly does it express that idea the more vividly and immediately does such exchange take place. When thoughts and ideas, aspirations and fancies develop and intensify rapidly, as they do to-day, language must become more flexible and discriminating if it is to avoid vagueness or confusion. And yet, for the most part, our modern vocabularies give us but scant satisfaction. Constantly we turn with wonder and delight to the older forms of speech.

There are three manners in which a word may express a meaning. First, a word may be definitely *descriptive*. "Tom-tom" or "whizz-bang" are obviously attempts at mimicry to describe the noise of a drum or a shell in terms of human utterance. It is comparatively easy to imitate sound, and poetry is full of attempts to represent such noises as the boom of the sea or the murmur of bees by an adjustment of vowels and consonants and quantities which are more dependent for effect upon their sensuous rhythm than upon their intellectual content. Even to a person wholly ignorant of Latin such a line as *quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum* is a recognizable imitation of a galloping horse, simply because it is dactylic. The Lincolnshire farmer in Tennyson heard a different dactyl, "Proputy, Proputy, Proputy"; and though he read his own idea into the beat of the hoofs, yet he could never have fitted "landed estate" to their measure. In the same way the lover in *Maud* hears his beloved's name in the caw, caw of the rooks.

Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

No such fancy could have been bred in him by the song of the thrush or the chaffinch. In all these cases there is an assimilation of sound contained in the words quite apart from the recognized idea expressed by them, and

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which we are accustomed to designate the meaning. This second—and most general—manner in which a word expresses a meaning is the *associative*. It is the outcome of use and custom. If there was a time in dim antiquity (and almost certainly there was), when every root-word was an attempt to render in sound the tonic effect of the thing thus expressed, it is so far away that it is wholly lost. For us "red" is not an illustration of that colour, yet it might be that to anyone with sufficiently rare and subtle sensibility the measure of the difference between the words "scarlet" and "crimson" would be the measure of the difference between the tints of vermilion and carmine. Nowadays "red" raises in our mind the idea of that particular colour simply through association; there is a convention among English-speaking peoples that it shall do so. It is a question of convenience based on tradition. When I use the word "tree" it is because it is the shortest agreed way of designating what would otherwise have to be described by some such hideous paraphrase as umbrageous efflorescence. But it presupposes knowledge of a tree in the mind of the hearer: it does not describe it. If I speak of an oak tree I speak to a still smaller audience, to those living in temperate climes where they are familiar with them, or who have otherwise had to gain their knowledge second-hand. And if I go on to speak of Dodona's oak, my audience has dwindled to those whose learning has made them cognizant of the oracle of Zeus in Epirus. To us in the twentieth century the monosyllable "tree" is no more descriptive of umbrageous efflorescence than are the dissyllables *arbor* or *dendron*. We do not know why in primitive times the sound "tree," rather than the sound "clut" or "pril" or "wonk," or one of ten thousand others, was chosen for that purpose, but there almost certainly was a reason, and a good one. That particular word, or sound, was then considered *descriptive*; to-day it is used solely in its *associative* sense.

A word, then, when it is descriptive, expresses its meaning through sound: when it does so through sense it is associative. When it combines the two and operates through them working in unison it develops its third power, the *imaginative*. And, just as Plato in the *Republic*, in order to study the just man advantageously, found it convenient to study him in bulk through the

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just state, so words can appear imaginative to the best advantage, not singly, but in sentences, and for very much the same reason. A man's behaviour can only be appreciated through his relationship to his fellows, and words are at their best, not when they define isolated objects, but when they combine to express a thought. Such a single word as the coined "Glaramara" of Wordsworth is a splendid achievement in itself, but it owes not only its success but its very being to the context which required and begat it.

It is the employment of words in their imaginative degree which is the distinguishing mark of the poet. Around this power all wonderment and all criticism has centred. And criticism, if once it forsake its task of appreciation for that of definition, is bound to fail hopelessly, because it is already dealing with what is, after all, the supreme form of simplification. The most imaginative word or sentence is *ipso facto* the most definitive. Such a phrase as "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short while to live" is the last word on that subject; you cannot define that thought in any more express or immediate terms. If it lead you to a further kindred thought you cannot transcend the six words "To be or not to be": they are simple, and, therefore, they are profound. The old primitive descriptive power of words, long forgotten but never perished, awakes to fresh life, and the thought appeals, not only by the associative power of words to a mental process but to the most essential emotions: to a man's whole being, whereof thought is only one portion. Its appeal is to man not individually but generically, to the race of beings whose speech is an attempt to define existence in human terms, not technical, scientific terms, but terms of reaction to his environment. It can be explained why such words should have such an effect only when we can explain why certain root-sounds should have been chosen by our ancestors for their specific purpose. When used imaginatively by the poet the significance of such sounds or words is itself the explanation. The poet justifies the choice of our ancestors and proves our lineage; he shows that language is something more than an intellectual artifice, that words have more than an associative meaning. For the imaginative use of words cannot be acquired by study or trickery; it is the fruit

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of what, in sagacious ignorance, we call intuition, or spontaneity, or inspiration.

Take such lines as these from Wordsworth :

Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

They can be analysed and dissected. The monosyllables and dissyllables can be counted, the metre balanced, the vowels appraised, the consonants compared, the rhyme weighed, the pauses and elisions measured. We can discount something for the endearing processes of familiarity and sentiment. But all the literary scalpels in the world will not get one whit nearer defining the power of the lines, simply because the power of the lines is definitive. The order of the words is the order of daily speech: "Poor Susan," "pass'd by the spot," "the song of the bird" are expressions in frequent daily use: if "the silence of morning" is not so current an expression it is because few rise from their beds early enough to need it; but it is very far from being an *outré* phrase. An extremely simple thought has been expressed in extremely simple language. Why is it poetry, and poetry of the highest order?

Matilda rode down to the shops in a tram
To purchase some bacon and strawberry jam.

There is an equally simple statement expressed with equal simplicity. Why is this not poetry at all, but simply verse? Chiefly because the theme is one which demands verse and not poetry. We are not really moved by Matilda or her journey or her prospective purchases. We do not feel that she is sufficiently vital to demand any sort of recognition or expression. If we had never heard of her we should have lost nothing. The relationship of Susan to the bird, on the other hand, is of a wholly different order: it is wistful, mysterious. The words of the poet perform the miracle of laying open Susan's heart, of laying open his own heart, and of laying open our hearts. Wordsworth, poor Susan, and we ourselves are back for a moment in the days when man first attempted speech, when speech was an adventure, when, to put it quite plainly, man had to speak or burst.

That's the appropriate country: there, man's thought,
Rarer, intenser,
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
Chafes in the censer.

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Man had something in him which *had* to come out, and it came out with the aptness and precision begotten of necessity. His words were not only descriptions but actual creations. And so with Wordsworth; his words are no longer words used a thousand times every day but words spoken for the first time in the history of mankind.

Every word is, in some sense, a metaphor, because it is an attempt to translate into one sense what is perceived by another. Even "whizz-bang" or "hee-haw" are only approximate renderings of the noise they represent, because though the medium of sound is common, yet shells and donkeys and men have not the same vocal technique. Shells make the noise mechanically, donkeys instinctively, and men . . . why? Nowadays, because they wish to communicate with each other by these means. Words have become almost entirely instruments of mental exchange. If we discover a new region we dub it in sheer boredom King Henry VIII land, or call the last constructed street Boulevard Xavier le Maistre. But it was not always so. Originally a peculiar name was invented, or imagined, or created to fit the object in question, not merely to titillate the sloth or fancy of the sponsor. Newfoundland or Sierra Leone are names which were once more descriptive than associative. Still further back men gave names to things because they thought they already had a name, and that it was their duty to discover it: they did not superimpose their root-sound upon the object in question, but discovered that part of its being, the mystic tendency-to-sound within it, which was its vocal or auditory form of existence. Then every syllable was considered as a sheath moulded to and by the meaning concealed within. The Johannine doctrine of the Logos is the most transcendental form of this belief. Words were sacred sounds in which the sense was incarnate, not mere capricious vocables.

Sounds of such antiquity are always fresh because they are integral. Our ancestors may have been mistaken as to the origin of the names they gave, but when they gave the right ones the right ones survived. Similar searchings after rightness can be observed in the poets. No poet employed proper names more profusely than did Milton: his pages are peppered with them like a Gazetteer.

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But it is only one in a hundred which succeeds, and that is the one we remember.

That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the Arctic sky.

We remember that, not because we know or care more about Ophiuchus than we do about Phlegra or Quiloa or Teradon or Ternate or a thousand other equally impressive and sonorous names with which he is so prodigal, but because it is, so to speak, the right root-sound for the occasion. He has struck oil. Language, in the same way, goes on from century to century experimenting, inheriting, curtailing, and rejecting until inevitably it strikes oil, and the right words survive. But they are not always used, or used in the right connection.

There is, we are bound to confess, some intrinsic property in sounds which enables one more than another to represent an idea.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow.

Half-a-dozen synonyms could be found for *footing* there, but not one could replace it or raise the same direct vision of pensive grandeur. The effect is not gained by luxuriance of language or the use of additional imagery, but by the enforcement and simplification of the original idea. The appeal is to the root-sense through a root-sound. Quite different is the impression given by such lines as :

Till *civil-suited* Morn appear,
Not tricked and frownced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But *kerchieft* in a comely cloud.

Such imagery pleases, if it pleases at all, by its ingenuity, its fancifulness. For, though every word is a metaphor and a piece of imagery, metaphor and imagery as a technical device is not the stuff of poetry, but only an adjunct to the art. In as far as a poet is forced to use sounds he uses words *as* metaphor, but in as far as he uses them *in* metaphor he avoids the issue and shirks his task. His ornament must be structural; if, instead of representing truth, he embroiders it, his imagery will be like the crocketings and finials on sham Gothic, mere super-excrecences.

This pure use of the imaginative power of words is extremely rare, even in the greater poets. Such rarity

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is in great measure due to the misuse of integral sounds. When words, through corrupt usage, are no longer employed associatively to describe their original content, then no longer do we in

those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity.

In the eighteenth century anything with grass growing on it became a "glade," with the result that the word lost its delicacy of meaning and degenerated into a criminal nuisance. It was convenient because it rhymed with shade, and, consequently, was employed almost always to represent something it did not describe. By contrast we feel how right and beautiful is the opening of Cowper's poem on *The Poplar Field*:

The poplars are fell'd; farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade.

It is almost sacrilege to analyse such a couplet, but not the least of its beauties is the exquisite perfection of the last word, which is almost an epitome both of the scenery and the sentiments of the whole poem. To no other trees but the poplar could it be so appositely applied. No image could be more poignant than that aroused by this word, revealing, as it does, those prototypes of the architectural column which man the builder is engaged in levelling. The word is a rebuke; at once we share the poet's outraged feelings. We perceive at a glance man's contact with Nature, his affinity with it, his estrangement from it.

The poet who uses words in their imaginative sense does so from a basic realization of their origin and inherent value. Words have different values for him, as drugs have for the pharmacist; but the pharmacist's value is acquired, the poet's is innate. "River" and "Stream" are as distinct as are strychnine and morphia; the poet does not say that either will serve for water, or the chemist that either will serve for poison. Each has its specific use, and if the wrong word is used *an* effect will be produced but not *the* effect. When we remember how much delicacy of sound is possible, how much subtlety of meaning available, how many intricate combinations of sound and sense are at hand for adaptation, we need not be surprised if essential unison is secured so seldom.

The Ancient Caravan Trade Routes

By H. E. Phillips

Asia.

WHEN the archæologist excavates the known site of an ancient buried city, about the past history of which some incomplete knowledge, conjectures, or theories exist, he has a definite idea and expectation of what he may discover. But the explorer of the ancient caravan routes has no definite ideas or expectations. He cannot even guess where—in tracing the route—his ramifications in exploration may lead him, or what he may discover in the way of mineral wealth, of long forgotten cities buried under desert sands, or the tombs of kings of ancient dynasties, with the treasures they probably contain. There can hardly be any form of exploration so fascinating and interesting as that which results in recalling to us the wonderful romance, culture, and wealth of long lost civilizations.

The most numerous and the longest—and not improbably the oldest—of the ancient caravan routes are to be found in Asia : others almost equally long and probably as old in Africa and Peru. It may be assumed that the Asian routes were not in the beginning deliberately constructed for commercial purposes. They were the development and extension of the game trails, and tracks which resulted from the search for food, furs, and minerals. With the exception of the Roman and Peruvian roads, which were constructed solely for military, postal, and political purposes (though used equally for trade), the Asian and African caravan routes were not “constructed” at all ; they were merely well-beaten tracts.

During the periods when the Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, and Egyptian empires flourished, there was a highly organized system of commercial, postal, and

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military routes between India, China, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, and Arabistan. During the period covered by the Mohammedan conquest—from the first Caliph to the end of the Caliphate—posting routes (used also for trade purposes) were numerous, for the rapid transmission of political information. They extended the length and breadth of Syria, Palestine, and Arabia, from Damascus to Mecca and El Medineh, to Egypt and the confines of Morocco. The routes used by the Greeks traversed the desert of Ti, via Palmyra, Persepolis, and Persia to India.

One of the most ancient of the great Asiatic caravan trade routes, probably the oldest in the world, is the Chinese silk route. Starting from easternmost China Shan Hai Khan, on the Pacific Coast, it followed the great Chinese Wall (one of the world's wonders, 20 ft. high, 20 ft. wide, and nearly 2,000 miles in length) westwards through the Gobi Desert, past the foothills of the Himalayas, through Eastern Turkestan, Northern Persia, via Bagdad (ancient Ctesiphon), across the Syrian Desert (El Tih), turning south through Petra—until, owing to brigandage, the route was diverted to Palmyra (Tadmor), from there via Damascus to Beyrout (Beritus), Tyre, Sidon, and the Mediterranean. From Damascus a route travelling south-west went to Egypt; the entire distance traversed being close upon 3,000 miles. Nor, where distance is concerned, must the laterals it threw out en route be omitted.

One, in particular, is of interest. In the Great Wall at Kiayn Kwan, 1,500 miles from Shan Hai Kuan, on the Pacific Coast, is a gateway called the Yu Men (i.e. "The Jade Gate"), through this gateway for more than three thousand years have passed the caravans of Bactrian camels, which brought the crude jade from the quarries of Barkul and Khotan for the lapidaries of China and Japan, to which country it was shipped without doubt.

Other routes passed south, branches to Burma, Siam, and India from the East. But India was also reached by passes in the Himalayas, which crossed the "Roof of the World"—Tibet; and by more westerly passes—the Khyber Pass and others.

There can be no doubt that all the ancient cities of

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Turkestan, Syria, and Babylonia (not all of them contemporary) were on the route of the China caravans, and were visited—Nineveh, Kish the Mighty, Ur of the Chaldees, Babylon, Lagash, Sardis, Ecbatana, Palmyra, Persepolis, Sus, Susa, Rhages, and many other cities of Mesopotamia, for centuries lost, their ruins buried under the desert sands, but not forgotten; some have been, and others are being, excavated at the present day.

There is evidence also that the great trunk route mentioned above was not the only main route. There were others. One in particular, a purely Asiatic route equally long, started from easternmost China, crossed the eastern Gobi Desert, crossed—in the winter—over the ice of Lake Baikal, passing through Irkutsk and Tobolsk, and Nizhni-Novgorod to Moscow. It was from this route that Chinese explorers at a remote period penetrated Siberia, from whence they brought back minerals and furs, and ivory for carving, in the shape of walrus teeth and the fossil tusks of the mammoth.

We may be quite sure that trade was not the only cause of these lateral routes. There were other reasons. One of the earliest pursuits of man, from almost the commencement of the time when he became really civilized, and a builder of and dweller in cities, was the acquisition of wealth. This instinct probably followed the accidental discovery of beautiful objects—gold, silver, and gemstones in the river gravels, and pearls in shells on the sea beaches. Then, when women came on the stage with their desire for beautiful things, man's desire to satisfy them resulted in the birth of the arts, gave an impetus to commerce and travel, and ultimately originated the trade routes.

It is no exaggeration to say that man's lust for wealth has always been a dominant passion. At a very early stage in his career as *homo sapiens*—there is ample evidence to show—he began to appreciate the value of the precious metals, and was fascinated by the beauty of gemstones and pearls. He recognized the purity, durability, and ductility of gold, silver, and copper. He used gold and silver lavishly for decorative purposes, and copper, with an admixture of tin or some one of the rarer metals, to make bronze for objects of art, and for tools and weapons.

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In the very earliest days trade was simply barter, payment was made in kind. Then gold and silver, in the form of armlets and anklets, became a means of payment and exchange; while necklaces were made of both metals in conjunction with ivory and some of the less precious stones—quartz, rock-crystal, jade, lapis lazuli, malachite, agate, sard, cornelian, etc. Minerals and precious stones are abundant in Central Asia. In addition to the above it is quite possible he found platinum, lead, iron, emeralds, beryls, jaspers, and turquoises (*de la vieille roche*) in the gravels of the Syr Daria, one of Asia's great rivers.

Nor are minerals and precious stones the only treasures liable to discovery by the explorer of the trade routes. Scattered over Mongolia and Turkestan, on the shores of many, now almost dried up, lakes, such as the Lob Nor, are to be found many ruins of once prosperous and populous cities, some extremely ancient, others—Khara Khoto, for example—more modern.

Quite recently an expedition ordered by the Indian Government succeeded in tracing for a considerable distance the ancient Chinese silk route, by which merchandise was conveyed to Central Asia and the Mediterranean. The course traversed passed through westernmost China, Eastern Turkestan, the Pamirs, a section of the Hindu Kush never visited before by Europeans, and Russian Turkestan. In the Taklamakan desert documents (wood tablets) were discovered, the writing upon which was in a very early Indian language. The old route, where found, lay through a dried up delta in a salt desert. Numbers of copper coins, dropped from a loaded camel, strewn the ground, together with ancient ammunition in the shape of bronze arrowheads from some arsenal. Long-dead orchards and vineyards and a settlement abandoned 2,000 years before were passed; also cemeteries in which numerous pieces of Chinese silks and brocades were found.

For centuries legends have existed of the treasures and wealth buried in the cities and tombs of the once important and powerful Khans of the Mongols. Of the truth of these rumours there is very little doubt left. The discoveries at Khara Khoto show that Mongolia of the time of Genghis Khan was a land of great culture.

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Khara Khoto is a strange and mysterious city. The Mongols of to-day call it the "Black City," and believe it is haunted by the spirits of the dead. The objects discovered were remarkable: thousands of books on many subjects—some written on silk, included the Persian Book of Sindibad (found in the Thousand and One Nights), and the Stories of the Seven Sages (query: "Sleepers"), in the original language; hand-woven tapestries of exquisite beauty; and several hundred Buddhist paintings, chiefly on silk. Also many pieces of beautiful silks with woven patterns, small silk bags, finely-made tweezers, and peculiar keys; nor must a piece of pile carpet, combs, and cosmetics, found in the tombs, be omitted.

In addition to these discoveries, in recent years large precious stones, very fine turquoises, rare Central Asian ornaments, and Tartar worked gold have reached India from the north, and rarities of a similar nature from Nepal. Also from Bokhara quaintly cut precious stones and ornaments of gold of Tartar workmanship have been obtained. The source of this jewellery is unknown. Only the chance discovery of some of the tombs of the Khans can account for it.

Another, a Mongolian-Tibet expedition, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, following one of the trade routes, discovered grave-mounds of the Hang dynasty, 200 B.C. In them were found tapestries of a delicate grey hue, ornamented with hunters with arrows, riders, griffins, birds, and serpents; exquisite thin silk tissues, and carpets of silk with figures and very early Chinese hieroglyphics and lucky talismen woven in them. In one grave of a woman of rank were pieces of the finest silken tissue, looking like gauze, or the softest tulle. In others, objects of bronze, lotus-flower candlesticks with golden leaves, glasses, mirrors, amber beads, and small silk bags (vanity bags with powders and cosmetics) trimmed with sable fur.

These discoveries at least prove how high the standard of Eastern culture was centuries ago: that printing was known to the Chinese long before it was in use in Europe, and the immense antiquity of the Chinese silk industry.

But if proof of China's great age as a civilized nation is wanted it can be found on many specimens of the

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antique pottery and beautiful bronzes; on some of the square bronze vases manufactured during the Chu dynasty, some three to four thousand years ago. These vases are richly inlaid with blue-green gems (the Chinese "Fine Coloured Stones"), and inscribed very elaborately in ancient Chinese characters now unknown and undecipherable. What variety of precious stone these blue-green gems are does not appear to have been determined, though identification should not be difficult. Very few gem-stones of this colour exist. They might be diamonds of unusual colour, blue jade (very rare), green turquoise, or very dark emeralds or beryls. Whatever they may be they were esteemed by the Chinese the most precious of gems.

There can be no doubt that from the earliest times silk fabrics, brocades, and silk rugs were the chief merchandise of the Chinese caravans. While specimens of the common kind of Chinese pottery have been found in Persia, India, Eastern Europe, and East Africa, ceramics were not exported. There was a reason for this. Much of their most beautiful pottery—porcelain, faïence, and cloisonné—especially those of certain colours, the imperial yellow (ornamented with black or green dragons); the celebrated celadon green (which Western potters have tried in vain to imitate, the colour of a very beautiful jade); and the turquoise-blue plaques and vases, decorated with enamelled figures of birds and flowers in white and black. These were made exclusively for the use of the Imperial family, the Mandarins, and the temples, and their sale or exportation prohibited.

Of their carvings in jade, all are exquisite, many pieces priceless, especially those of a brilliant colour and those of an opalescent tint. The rare peacock-blue jade was obtained from Burma. Specimens are of immense value and very difficult to procure. Worked jade was not exported, nor even their works of art in bronze, at least not in the early periods.

It is a curious thing that of all the great nations of antiquity China alone has escaped destruction and obliteration, and survived the centuries until to-day. Yet we really know very little about her, and next to nothing of her ancient past. We know for certain,

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however, that when most of Western Europe was the reverse of civilized, China was, and had long been, a great nation.

In the arts—in the production of textiles ; of carpets, brocades, and hand-loomed silks ; in ceramics, porcelain, faïence, cloisonné ; in bronze casting ; in ivory and jade carving—China has led the world. The perfection she has attained has never been surpassed, and probably never will be in these particular arts. There is no doubt that they have always been, and still remain, a wonderful people.

Of all the Chinese discoveries and inventions the manufacture of hand-loomed silk fabrics stands pre-eminently first. It has certainly proved the most important of all, not only to the Chinese, but to the world at large. It is not astonishing that they organized the great trade routes and found them worth while, if only on account of the immense trade which must have resulted from this industry alone.

By one of the silk routes—which has not been mentioned—it is recorded that the journey from China took from eighty to one hundred days to reach the Oxus. Down this river the merchandise, transferred to boats, was taken across the Caspian Sea to the River Cyrus. Then, after five days' journey by land, the western extremity of the Black Sea was reached via the River Phasis, and, finally, Constantinople. Merchandise from India started from the Indus, went either to the Oxus, or direct to the Caspian, by way of Northern Persia, and from thence to Constantinople by the same route as the China silks. But Constantinople was not the end of the long journey ; transferred to vessels much of the merchandise was shipped to Egypt and many Mediterranean ports.

It was probably by these routes that the silks of China, and Indian gauzes and muslins, which supplied the accordion-pleated diaphanous skirts, worn by the ladies of Cnossos, reached Crete. It is also highly probable that Egyptian linen fabrics were also exported. Specimens of it found in the tombs are reputed to be equal to the finest Irish cambric of to-day. Those who, like the writer, have seen it, have no doubt of its excellence,

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but for beauty, fineness, and softness of texture, and perfection of manufacture, it could not have been in any way comparable to the silks of China.

* * * *

The last word about the Asian caravan routes has not by any means been said. In the vast territory—most of it only imperfectly known—which comprises Central Asia, Manchuria, Mongolia, Eastern China, and Turkestan, great possibilities lie in the path of the explorers. There will be dangers to be faced—no exploration is without them; but they will be negligible: at least the poisonous hot-winds—the Simoon of the Saharan Deserts—will not be one of them, for which they may be thankful.

The caravan routes, it will have been seen, traverse the most interesting ground in the world; and beneath it, in many places, is buried the equally interesting history of very ancient remote folk.

Can any work be more fascinating than that which unveils the hidden mystery and romance which made up the lives of these people? To accomplish this it is only necessary to search their buried cities and investigate the paths they trod.

* * * *

A word about the Chinese. Whatever the Chinese have done they have done well: whether it has been the manufacture of vermilion or Indian ink; the hardening of copper tools and weapons; the carving of jade, ivory, or metal; or the manufacture of exquisite silks and pottery.

They have always been a wise and wonderful people; and they may be so described now. The disintegration of the nation is to be deeply deplored. Should it eventuate and become *de facto*, it will be one of the most unfortunate happenings the world has known.

(To be continued.)

Health and Diet

By the Rt. Hon. Sir Ralph S. Paget,
P.C., K.C.M.G., C.V.O.

IN the ENGLISH REVIEW of March, 1924, appeared an article by Major J. B. Paget, of much interest and enlightenment, entitled "The Health of the Nation."

In the first paragraph Major Paget pointed out that it could hardly escape the notice of the least thoughtful among us that the health and physique of the nation were not up to their former standard, and he cited certain facts in support of this statement.

There is no reason to suppose that in this respect matters are in any way improving, and, therefore, unless early and radical changes in diet, to which Major Paget attributes our deterioration, supervene, the prospect is that we shall gradually still further deteriorate. Of course, improved housing and improvement in sanitary conditions generally may possibly to some extent retard this deterioration, but such factors cannot by any means make up altogether for wrong living.

It is dangerous no doubt to rely on mere chance observation, and statistical experts would probably very quickly show me to be in error, but I cannot escape the impression received whilst lately travelling on the Continent and in various countries that the types of manhood there, especially among the working classes and in the country districts, are of more robust and healthy appearance than ours.

The theme of Major Paget's article, to which I have referred, is that the modern English conventional diet is faulty in many respects, but that it errs more especially in the value set upon meat and the neglect of healthful foods, such as green vegetables, wholemeal bread, nuts and fruit.

I do not think that to anyone disposed to weigh the subject dispassionately Major Paget's statements can

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fail to carry a great measure of conviction, but knowing how much opposition any suggestion that meat is neither a necessary nor a healthful food is likely to arouse, I venture here to endeavour to reinforce Major Paget's statements by presenting a few aspects of meat eating which possibly may not ordinarily occur to its advocates.

I would commence by inquiring whether meat, when considered fit for the table, is entirely fresh.

Most decidedly not ! Meat, unless eaten as soon as the animal is killed and before the *rigor mortis* has set in, is not again fit for consumption until it has been hung for some days, the duration of hanging period depending on the weather. In other words, it is not sufficiently tender for the table until putrefaction has set in and has advanced to a quite considerable degree.

It will probably be contended that this putrefaction is, in properly served meat, scarcely perceptible, and that whatever may remain of it is purified by the action of the fire in cooking. But this is merely begging the question, and the fact remains that putrefaction has set in, and it is not at all an uncommon thing to find game, such as venison, grouse, snipe, woodcock and hare, served in a very advanced state of decomposition. It is then euphemistically termed "well hung." Mankind appears to have this delectable habit in common with hyenas, jackals, crocodiles and vultures. Most decent carnivora prefer meat fresh, as soon as killed. To anyone whose olfactory sensibilities have not become blunted to the smell by eating it, the odour of cooked meat or fish, however slightly putrescent, is positively revolting.

It is a very significant fact that the only animals the flesh of which is considered fit for human consumption are those which are not themselves carnivora. We eat oxen, sheep, horses, hares, rabbits, etc., and various birds, but we do not, at least not unless forced by circumstances, eat dogs, cats, rats, weasels, stoats, vultures or gulls and cormorants, which two latter feed on fish.

The reason is obvious. The flesh of carnivora is foul, evil-tasting and unhealthy. Likewise is the inference obvious that by eating meat man's body must lose in purity, health and cleanliness.

Continuing this line of thought it is noticeable that

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the breath of all carnivora is extremely offensive, while the breath of such animals as horses, cows and sheep is not only not offensive but wholly sweet. A comparison of the odours in the carnivora houses as against the non-carnivora houses at the Zoo provides an object lesson on this point.

To consider now a less unsavoury side of the subject : There appears to be a very deeply-rooted belief that meat must be included in our diet in order to maintain strength, and, even, that the consumption of a considerable amount of meat produces physical strength. Hence, presumably, the glorification of the "Roast beef of Old England." This is, of course, an utterly absurd fallacy. Oxen and horses which count as among the strongest animals, and which are called upon to expend strength, energy and continued effort in the performance of their work, do not partake of the meat of other oxen and horses, nor do they revive themselves with meat extracts. Incidentally, I may mention that the soups made from these are probably the most useless and noisome form of nourishment imaginable. If the difference between cattle and the human body appear too great to admit of a fair comparison, what of the gorilla, which lives on roots, fruit, and berries, and is more than a match for any man from the point of view of physical strength. Is there any reason whatever why we should not thrive equally well on a clean, meatless diet ?

It has, I believe, been shown that, in proportion to the bulk consumed, the nutriment (not to speak of the fashionable vitamins) which the human body can draw from meat is very poor as compared with other foods, such as nuts, dried fruits, eggs, cheese, cereals, green vegetables, etc. That meat has the property of conveying a certain amount of warmth to the body, that it need be less carefully masticated, and that it is, perhaps, more easily digestible in the stomach than some of the foods above mentioned, it would be idle to deny, but does this easy digestibility in the stomach counter-balance the disadvantage of its toxic effect on the system which arises from the fact that our intestines are proportionately longer than those of the carnivora, and that our gastric juices are not sufficiently strong to disinfect it

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during its passage through our body? Judging by the late Dr. Robert Bell's experiences in regard to cancer cases the answer is evidently not.

The facility of recovery from the severest wounds, lesions and operations that is enjoyed by primitive races as compared with the more highly civilized peoples has often been a matter of wonder, but there is very little doubt that the principal reason for this is their entire, or almost entire, abstinence from meat, and their generally simple and frugal diet. Rheumatism, catarrhs, gout, influenza colds, coughs, etc. etc. etc., which appear to be so great a curse in this country, are almost entirely due to faulty living and a consequent toxic condition of the body. It is well worth while for anyone suffering from any of these to try the experiment of giving up meat. The effect is likely to be astounding if there be no other grievous error of hygiene.

Setting aside the fact that quite evidently our denture and our digestive tract show us not to be intended for the consumption of meat, it is probable that comparatively few among us realize how great is the effect of diet on character, temperament, mentality and habits. To judge of this through animals, whilst meat eating appears to produce a certain ferociousness and unreliability, the animals which are not carnivorous give evidence of adaptability and tranquillity of disposition. It is only the latter which we have satisfactorily trained to labour for us. The gentleness they display must not be taken to imply that they are, therefore, wanting in courage, spirit, or intelligence. The bull in the ring, and the intelligence of monkeys and elephants sufficiently controvert any such supposition. Presumably on humans also meat eating has very distinct effects, and seeing its toxic and irritating action on the blood and system, these effects are not likely to be very fortunate. This is an aspect of the question which would be well worth study.

Amongst the many arguments which may be brought forward against the use of meat, perhaps one of the most important to us at the present time is its expense and wastefulness.

This argument is very clearly and concisely put in "Chambers's Encyclopædia," from which the following is a

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quotation : "Whereas 12 acres of land if used for the rearing of cattle for slaughter will maintain one man feeding on the flesh produced, the same area under wheat will maintain twenty-three, and on a mixed crop of fruit, pulse, grain and vegetables a still higher number. The objection here is that much land is suitable for nothing else, e.g. sheep runs. By the vegetarian this may be granted, but the assertion does not apply to the thousands of acres of valuable horticultural land now under grass."

Surely, if one of our greatest problems at present be the necessity of ever-increasing importations from abroad and the consequent ever-increasing cost of living, which adversely affects our trade in competition with other countries, the excision of meat from our importations points to one of the practical and sensible methods of easing the situation. It would be interesting to know how much tonnage was allocated, how much tonnage and how many lives were lost, and how much money was spent during the war in keeping the United Kingdom and our armies supplied with meat, an unwholesome and altogether unnecessary article of diet. We might have saved ourselves enormous sums which would have gone far to relieve the taxpayer.

I am well aware that accustomed as most people are in this country to regard meat as absolutely indispensable, such a statement will seem wholly unpractical and visionary, but it is none the less based on truth, and gradually, very gradually, we shall be forced by the miseries of ill-health and disease on the one hand, and the advance of humane principles and hygiene on the other, to recognize this truth.

No one who possesses any love for animals and repugnance to cruelty can fail to be influenced by the thought of the horrors of the slaughter-house, the sufferings endured on the way there, and the revolting displays of the butchers, fish and poultry shops, more especially during what is termed the festive season. The shops must be directly disgusting to anyone with pretensions to feelings of refinement.

Much is being done I admit to diminish the horrors of actual slaughter to which I have alluded, and all honour is due to those who are ceaselessly working to this end

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by the erection of model slaughter-houses and the introduction of the humane killer and other improvements. But I have seen within the last few months bullocks lifted from the dock to the steamer deck by their horns and dumped there bruised and bleeding; sheep being driven along the road so footsore that they fell down, and what slaughter-house can ever prevent the terrifying odour of blood reaching the bullocks before it is their turn to be killed? Shall we be parties to such cruelty? This question specially presents itself to all those who profess to be supporters of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, otherwise their position becomes wholly illogical.

The model slaughter-houses are efforts to make the best of a bad job, but what is really wanted is that the demand for meat should cease.

It would, of course, be altogether idle to hope for any early change. Ingrained ideas, custom, love of what passes as "good cheer," and vested interests die hard. Moreover, here in England another factor militates strongly against a meatless diet, and that is ignorance regarding the palatable preparation of vegetables and other foods as substitutes for meat and fish. To the average Englishman vegetarianism no doubt conjures up a vision of meals consisting of boiled potatoes, cabbage boiled in water and soda, eggs and spinach with all the virtue boiled out of the spinach and poured down the sink, and other kindred culinary horrors. No wonder he shies at it! He has no idea of the varied, healthful, and delicious fare which the French, Italian and Spanish peasants, for instance, produce with vegetables, pulses, cereals, cheese, oil, honey, etc. Except cheese, these articles are but sparsely used in the English cuisine—indeed, the ignorance, limitation and stodginess in this country concerning matters of diet is phenomenal, even among those who have had opportunities of broadening their outlook.

Vegetarian food is mostly regarded with scarcely veiled contempt as an effete diet likely to result in physical and mental effeteness. Very possibly much opposition to it is due to indolence, since meat is more simple and easy to prepare. Frying sausages or bacon, boiling a leg of mutton,

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turning a piece of bully beef from a tin on to a plate demands less careful efforts and attention than the preparation of a savoury vegetable stew.

Because I have here dealt solely with the disadvantages of meat, I do not by any means imply that this is the only cause of physical deterioration. Major Paget calls attention to the harmful effect of the prevailing excessive indulgence in strong tea. To this I would add the almost universal use of tobacco and the luxurious and self-indulgent ways of life which obtain among certain classes. Smoking is especially to be deplored now that it has been so much taken up by women, since it adversely affects the heart, the digestion, and brain, and its effect on women will show itself in future generations. There should be a campaign to limit the use of tobacco among women to those who have no prospects of becoming mothers.

There is one thing, however, about tea, tobacco, strong drink, drugs, etc., namely, that except in the manner I have just referred to above, they only harm the individual who indulges in them, and he is responsible to himself, whereas by meat eating we cause suffering and perpetrate acts of cruelty upon our fellow-creatures. I confess I have very little hope that this argument will appeal to many, for, as a general rule, animals appear to be considered merely as so much material existing not only to be slaughtered for our necessities, but, indeed, to be tortured, hunted, shot at, just for our pleasure and amusement.

Some of the arguments I have set forth regarding meat may appear unpleasant. It is not from choice that I have made them so, but facts have a habit at times of bearing a not altogether agreeable aspect.

The Horse Thief

By Hannah Berman

EVERYBODY had something, but I had nothing; and, having nothing, I was nothing. And who is there likes to be nothing? Nobody. So I decided within myself that I must have something, and, thereby, come to be something myself. And I went and asked myself: "What thing is of the greatest value?" The answer was: "A horse." For, since ever I can remember, the wealthy Shalom Asher used to boast, not of his fine house, not of his wife's jewels, not of his daughters' fashionable clothes, but of his prancing horses. They were like lions, just as he said. They pranced and stamped and snorted their way through the village, whilst Shalom Asher himself sat up on the box-seat of the high wagon like a lord, his nose in the air, his thick black beard floating apart in the wind, and his two soft, strong white hands gripping the reins like bands of steel.

So, my inevitable conclusion was that a horse was the most valuable thing in the world. To own a horse meant that one was wealthy and powerful, and all-important. Even the tiniest child understands that he must scamper quickly out of the way of a prancing horse.

But how was a beggar like myself to come by a horse?

And why should I not cease to be a beggar, once and for always?

Is it a pleasure to go about footsore and weary and hungry, dragging one's bones miserably from hamlet to hamlet, collecting odds and ends—rags, bits of iron, old bottles, bones, and rabbit-skins?

True, I could look upon myself then as an honest man, and everyone says that honesty is the greatest virtue in the world.

But I don't know; really and truly, I don't know.

If a rogue does get whipped with white-hot rods of iron in the next world, at any rate he has sound shoes and

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a dry coat, and good food and a prancing horse in this world.

Is a feather bed nothing ?

Is a fine house nothing ?

Is honour and respect in this world nothing ?

So I made up my mind that I would come by a horse somehow or other, let who would be honest and wait for his reward in the world to come.

A horse was what I wanted.

Besides, why should the rich folks have everything and I nothing ? They can afford to lose something; that is to say, to have it stolen from them.

And, really, what is stealing ?

To-day I am rich—have everything. To-morrow the wheel of fortune turns round, and I am poor—have nothing. Who knows what the wheel of fortune is ? Perhaps it is a sort of thief whom no one has ever seen, and, certainly, no one has ever caught.

So, thinking this and thinking that, I finally made up my mind and strengthened my heart, and, one dark night, after many shocks and hesitations, and turnings away from the stable—the Most High came to my aid at last, and I got away with one of Shalom Asher's prancing horses, bridle and all. I flung an old sack over him for a saddle, and I said to him, in the lofty voice of Shalom Asher himself : "Hi, carcass, get along with you !" And I rode off out of the village, not like a thief but like a prince.

I came to the big town just as the fair was starting.

The dealers saw at once that I had a "lion," not a horse. They said to me : "Et ! He is so-so. But we will give you fifty *roubles* for him, not because he is worth all that, but because we want him just now. He will match the other two horses of the stewards' *troika*." But I was not to be taken in with dealers' talk. In any case I did not want to sell the horse. So I rode up and down the market-place with my nose in the air. I heard the people say : "A beggar on horseback, as I live, a beggar on horseback."

Well, let them say what they like. Let them burst talking. They would not make any comments at all if I had been on foot.

By and by my "lion" began to get hungry. I rode

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him out of the town and led him to graze by the side of the road. Where was I, a penniless beggar, to get oats for him? My fine fellow sniffed and tossed his head haughtily. Of course the dusty stubble was not good enough for him.

"You are like me," said I to him. "I, too, want juicy meat. But when I can't get it I content myself with dry crusts. Eat or go hungry, as you will. You are not now a rich man's horse."

The devil was as proud as Shalom Asher himself. He would not eat.

* * * * *

Well, I have a horse. I have ridden him in public, and have become a somebody to the gaping crowds. But what to do next I do not know.

A wagon is out of the question. If it were possible to get one I would be a great pedlar, a sort of merchant, honoured and respected by the peasants, and looked up to by my neighbours, the poor wandering bagmen. But what is the use in crying for the moon?

The thing is, What next? The fair is over and there will not be another for five days. The next market-town is twelve versts off. Go and look for fairs every day of the week!

Well, anyway, I have a fine horse, and I ride and ride and ride, in and out of the villages and towns, like a prince visiting his dominions. Yes, but a prince ultimately returns to his castle. The bowing and the cheering and the flattery of his serfs are not enough for always. He goes home, stretches his limbs, calls his servants, and eats and drinks, and drinks and eats.

With me it is different. Just because I have a horse, and just because I can look down with contempt upon the gaping villagers, I am a homeless wanderer. Nowhere is there rest or peace, or food or drink waiting for me.

It is true I might sell my fine horse, and in his place buy for myself a half-dead nag and a ramshackle wagon. But what good would they be to me? If I had been content to drag myself about from place to place I would have no need for a horse which one must feed, nor for a ramshackle wagon which one must tie up with strings every step of the way. And for a horse and wagon one

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needs merchandise. Eh! There's no use in talking. Even the few *kopeks* I had have already gone for bread. And my horse is daily growing less and less of a personage, so to say. He now eats the wayside grass, but not yet with the whole of his mouth, merely with the half of it. His coat has lost its gloss; his mane is ragged; his hide shaggy. His nostrils have no fire in them. He is not a "lion" any more. Even his late master, Shalom Asher himself, would find it impossible to pick out his one-time "lion" from a crowd of pedlars' nags.

And, wonder upon wonder, to me he is not any more the source of pride I thought he would turn out to be. Even if he still were the old prancing charger of Shalom Asher's stable, he would be nothing more than he is—a creature that demands food. He is a burden, a vexation; I might almost say a visitation upon me for my sins.

Every day, every hour, we both grow more ragged, and more unkempt, and more forlorn. The people are not amazed now when they see us. What is there to be amazed at—a ragged beggar astride a bony nag with its head lowered?

Miles and miles I have covered; now astride him, now walking beside him, the rope-end on my almost bare shoulder. Am I more tired of wandering or of dragging the worn-out horse after me? Really and truly I do not know.

But this I do know. That a horse is no use to a poor man. It is merely another mouth to feed. And besides, one has to drag him about with one wherever one goes, and shelter him and care for him.

I have come to that point when everything I thought right now appears to me to be the other way about. I am beginning to see that having just one thing, whether it is a horse or a house, or a good pair of shoes, does not make one a somebody. One has to have many things. Along with a horse one has to have a wagon, and with the wagon a stable, and with the stable a house, and with the house a business, and with the business a position, and credit and a good name, and a wife bedecked with jewels, and a fashionable daughter, and a son at the university. A horse alone is not enough.

I doubt if the rich man, Shalom Asher, has been

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ruined by the loss of his horse, but it is true that I have been beggared for ever and ever by having stolen it, for, I can never again appear in my native village, and where to lay my head I do not know.

Really, the thief who steals a horse deserves the whipping with rods of iron which awaits him in the next world. In fact, he ought to be whipped with rods of iron in this world, too. He is a mad fool who goes and ties blinkers on his own eyes and then wonders why he stumbles into ditches and breaks his neck.

If a man does steal a horse he should not do it for the sake of pride, but simply and solely to make money. Pride needs more than a horse to support it.

I have come to this conclusion, and there is no other in the world.

But what to do I cannot think. For my horse is nothing but skin and bone, and it is now a question of either dragging him on my back to the fair, or else waiting another five days, sleeping in the ditch and eating the same dusty grass that he eats.

Really a horse is not a five *kopek* piece with a hole in it, which some folks will take and some will not.

You can ask Shalom Asher, or you can ask me. We will both tell you the same.

Meditation from Marcus Aurelius The Citadel

By Benvenuta Solomon

A DWELLING-PLACE by hill or shore is many a man's desire.

This for the common sort; but thou canst to thyself retire.

Within thine own soul's citadel untroubled may'st thou see

Calm thoughts, harmonious images, that bring tranquillity.

IV. 3.

Exit John Nash

By Derwent Miall

WHEN the character of an old friend undergoes deep and bewildering change, a sense of loss, almost of injury, is inevitable; and, in a lesser degree, the same stirrings of resentment may befall when familiar places, and in particular the streets of one's own city, take on new airs of pride. To come back to them after absence, and find them changed out of all knowledge, is to feel doubts as to the stability of the solid earth itself.

Certain London streets are, above all others, quintessentially London: They do not necessarily make special claim upon the affections, but they seem to possess a magnetic quality that other streets somehow altogether lack. Perhaps the best test as to whether a street comes into this favoured class is to determine if it has ever been celebrated in song. The Londoner does not tune his pipe to sound the praises of Cannon Street or Lower Thames Street, of respectable antiquity though these thoroughfares may be; and it will be long enough before he sings of Kingsway. The "frozen music" of architecture must suffice for the renown of that unloved parvenu. But there are songs of Piccadilly and the Strand—oddly enough, of Seven Dials and the Mile End Road. And it was an American comedian—was it not?—who set us all, a generation ago, humming the cheery refrain:

Oh! my little Regent Street, Regent Street, Regent Street,
Oh! my little Regent Street, on a fine afternoon.

But it was Nash's Regent Street that we had in mind, not the new street of palatial shops and offices that is rising phoenix-like out of the dust of Nash's plaster.

Of course, the panorama of the street had undergone much transformation before ever the house-breaker, and the architect, and the builder were let loose to work their will upon Nash's houses. A glory departed when the motor-car supplanted the barouches that lined up along the curbs of the Quadrant when great ladies *de par le*

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monde, as our old-fashioned novelists phrased it with such rich gusto, went a-shopping. The motor-car lacks the otiose dignity of the carriage-and-pair, and the chauffeur, in his peaked cap, is as a crow to a peacock compared with the powdered coachman of Victorian days. The tossing of proud equine heads, the champing of bits, the glitter of crested harness, all added to one's sense of *bien-être*, to the elations of a sunlit afternoon. When these things were, one still saw London's fashionable shopping-street much as Arthur Pendennis saw it in the days of his vanity, when he lounged along the broad pavement, lifting a glossy hat to the hostess of last night's ball or to-morrow's "rout." And the curving sweep of the Quadrant, so pleasantly reminiscent of leisurely, Jane Austenish watering-places—of Bath, and Cheltenham—was a comfort and consolation to the eye so recently that it is difficult even now to realize that only a broken remnant of it remains.

Called into being after the great war—our grandfathers' war, not ours—Regent Street is of too recent date to have made much London history. It cannot, like some of the streets of the City, boast two thousand years of crowded life. There are no finds of Roman pavements here, when the builder's men go excavating. It cherishes no memories of the enchantments of the Middle Ages. The site of all this quarter was open country up to the time of Charles I, when a few houses went up between the hedges of the Oxford Road on the north, and the garden walls of some country houses to the south. To the west stretched green meadows, where sheep grazed, and to eastward, a little later, was the shunned and dreaded field to which victims of the Great Plague had been hurried for burial in trenches. Swallow Street, a fragment of which remains, came, of slow growth, in the eighteenth century; but the Regent Street area was still semi-rural in character not so very long ago, as London reckons time. General Oglethorpe, who lived on into the days when the grandfathers of some of us were in swaddling clothes, could remember going a-gunning after woodcock in Conduit Street.

With John Nash dawned the new era. Perhaps no other man, Christopher Wren alone excepted, wrote his name with so large a hand across the map of London.

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Yet his posthumous fame, somehow, seems never to have been commensurate with his achievements. It is long odds that the Man in the Street has never heard of him.

Nash was born in Wales, in 1752, and was articled in his youth to Sir Robert Taylor. But he possessed an estate in Wales, and a taste for leisure; so to Wales he returned as soon as he was out of his articles, and amused himself for many years with the embellishment of his own house and grounds. A pertinacious friend, however, eventually persuaded him to take up his profession in all seriousness. Nash was at that time forty-one years of age, so his career may be cited as a striking disproof of the too-old-at-forty theory.

His activity was soon prodigious. He re-modelled Buckingham Palace, touched up Brighton Pavilion, transformed the Marylebone and Regent's Park districts with his Crescents and Terraces. He laid out Regent's Park, and, later on, reconstructed St. James's Park. And then, two or three years before Waterloo was fought, came the inception of his crowning achievement. He conceived the idea of driving a magnificent avenue from Carlton House to Regent's Park, where a country house was to be built for royalty.

As the favoured architect enjoyed the powerful patronage of the Prince Regent, he had no difficulty in getting the necessary parliamentary sanction. That was in 1813, and the whole scheme was so briskly carried through that Lower Regent Street—which, somehow, I have never been able to regard as any part of Regent Street at all—was complete by the end of 1817. Nash built a lordly mansion for himself in Lower Regent Street, and lived in it in honour and glory for many years. It was afterwards a club, then a picture gallery, and now is nothing.

Upper Regent Street, soon after that sharp turn to the left, where it makes its start, followed the line of demolished Swallow Street, and was practically completed by the time the Regent was crowned King.

A uniform façade was Nash's ideal, and at first the Quadrant had a colonnade in front of the shops on both sides of the street, supporting a balcony under which my lady could go a-shopping dry-shod in wet weather. But

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the pillars—there were 270 of them—were found to detract from the broad effect of the street, and the balconies darkened the shops; and they were all cleared away, except for the stretch that remained till the other day in front of the County Fire Office, in the year 1848.

Nash, like other royal favourites, had his enemies. The eighteenth century had sworn by brick, and all things solid and substantial. Nash secured his effects with plaster. "He introduced more variety than good taste," it was complained. He lacked grandeur. He did not aim at the sublime; and the feeling against him was crystallized into an epigram, which pleased the highbrows of his age:

Augustus at Rome was for building renowned,
And of marble he left what of brick he had found.
But is not our Nash too a very great master?
He found us all brick, and he leaves us all plaster.

Though pre-eminently the street of the "mercier," the toyshop, the jeweller, and such-like, Regent Street is not quite without its literary associations. Here, in a house since demolished, Fraser's famous magazine had its headquarters, where such lions as Thackeray, Carlyle, Coleridge, Procter, and Hogg, often dined with the proprietor. Those were *noctes ambrosianæ*, no doubt.

It was in the Quadrant that two literary lions, Campbell and Southey, were once walking together, when Campbell, always a man of tender heart, wanted to give alms to a distressed woman. But the occasion was not one for the disbursement of bank-notes, and Campbell had no smaller currency upon him. Southey seems to have been similarly unprovided—and, to be sure, with long traditions of poetry starving in Grub Street present to one's mind, it is pleasant to think of bards so well endowed.

Campbell would not be deterred from well-doing, so he went into a mercer's shop, and demanded change, brushing aside, in his eagerness, remunerative customers. The mercer, who seems to have been a peppery fellow, resented this. Campbell grew loud and peremptory, and the argument waxed hot, to the alarm, no doubt, of high-waisted ladies who sat at the counters fingering ribbons and laces. There is even a hint of blows in the story; and the police were summoned in haste from adjacent Vine Street.

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When two constables arrived Southey thought it time to make his voice heard. Would the officers of the Law, he asked, lay sacrilegious hands on Scotia's mighty bard? The great man's cards were produced in proof of his identity; and at that one of the constables, a Scotchman himself, fell back a pace, in reverential awe. Was this indeed his great compatriot in the flesh? Arrest him? Never!

Campbell, quickly soothed into good humour, spoke amicably to the mercer, the disputants shook hands, and the quarrel was composed in a manner honourable to all concerned. (It is to be hoped, by the way, that the poor woman got her alms after this sudden storm in a tea-cup.)

West End commerce has undergone a change since that date, and if a modern poet were so mischancy as to fall out with purveyors of silk and laces, he might find himself obliged to tackle a chairman and board of directors. For the small shop may become a limited company.

Regent Street has played little part in the provision of organized amusement, so there are here no demolished playhouses to regret. The Polytechnic, before starting on its present useful career, was, of course, a place of "amusement combined with instruction," such as was thought most suitable for the entertainment of the young in those far-off days when even Maria Edgeworth was esteemed rather on the frivolous side as a writer for the juvenile public. The zoetrope, a poor forerunner of the motion picture, was one of the Polytechnic's attractions, and the illusion of Pepper's ghost thrilled the simple-minded in the 'sixties and 'seventies of last century. But the Diving Bell was the *pièce de résistance*. Perched on a seat inside its circumference, with feet dangling fearfully above the water, you could descend with slow solemnity to the bottom of a dismal tank, and live and breathe under water for a few minutes, to boast of it afterwards over tea at the pastry-cook's. (Tea-shop facilities here, as elsewhere in London, were few in the days when imprisonment in a Diving Bell was considered an exciting diversion.)

A street, no less than a man, may gain the world and lose its own soul. Nash's Regent Street had no world to gain. It *was* the world, or a very significant part of it, to thousands of Britons, the wide world over. One can recall

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meeting a returned exile in the Quadrant, on a bright May afternoon long ago, when the barouches still stood at the curb. The exile, just home on long leave, was in quest of tea—tea in Regent Street! He all but skipped along the broad pavement in his exultant satisfaction. He exuded electrons of joy. He was at the heart of the Empire once more. And one sensed that this moment was the consummation of a dream dreamed often in lonely dak bungalows, in dull days of the rainy season. He would dream of it again in retrospect, making a little legend for himself, perhaps, of the brave days when he was in the vortex of Life; as Jos Sedley, in after years in India, gloried in the memory of inglorious experiences at Brussels while the guns of Waterloo were sounding. . . . When my exile's tea was brought to him, he could hardly drink it for the rapture of thinking he was taking it in Regent Street.

Will any returned wanderer ever view the transformed street with such affection? I doubt it. We have not, for the most part, the grand ducal sort of mind. The mammoth departmental store can touch no chord of memory or sentiment. By the time the builders have finished with it, reconstructed Regent Street will be a walk for the hard-faced commercial man rather than for Arthur Pendennis, for the steely-eyed millionaire rather than for the *flâneur*, or for the modern replicas of Tom and Jerry in London.

You can still see vestiges of Nash's creation if you care to peer through the house-breaker's scaffoldings, and get a glimpse of timber joists, flimsy pillars, thinly plastered walls. Poor, shoddy stuff, perhaps; but these buildings served weak human nature's daily needs for over a hundred years. The new Temples of Commerce seem to be built for all Time, which may be the better way. For the wheel has come full circle, and once again the high-brows have been complaining that John Nash lacked "grandeur."

And yet—all through the long Victorian Age our predecessors in this London of ours found his street adequate. Probably they did not see why they should do their shopping in houses much more splendid than those in which they themselves dwelt, or transacted their daily

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business. And some of us, mediocre like John Nash, are much of the same mind still. I would rather—may I confess it?—buy a collar stud in a low-browed shop than be whisked, in quest of it, to the third floor of a sham Venetian palazzo, by an attendant who looks as though he has borrowed the uniform of a Colonel-Commandant of Horse Marines. I do not crave Persian luxuries. Sometimes I am tempted to wish that our megalomaniacs would go and build their new London on some vacant site—out Wembley way, or on the Essex marshes—instead of pitching precisely upon districts already occupied by crowded streets, and hallowed by a thousand human associations. And I insist upon shedding a tear—of blue-black ink—for the passing of John Nash.

For to come back to Regent Street to-day is like meeting an old friend who used to live comfortably, urbanely, with a certain lavishness not unbecoming to one of his substantial means, and to find him grown pompous, grandiose in his views, a little given to austerity—in a word—unclubable.

The wheels of progress may be turning; but we shall never again hum under our breath, half-affectionately: "Oh! my little Regent Street, on a fine afternoon."

What Is a Conservative ?

By a Young Woman Conservative

IN THE ENGLISH REVIEW of February Captain Victor Cazalet, M.P., throws down a challenge, which cannot be ignored, in his article on "What is a Conservative?"

He has drawn a picture of an inert and indecisive party, animated by no greater ideal than an arid opportunism, careless of the future, and led astray by any popular will-o'-the-wisp. And this is the party to which Captain Cazalet himself has the honour to belong; and to which a confiding electorate gave an overwhelming Parliamentary majority some eighteen months ago!

Surely if this is, indeed, the case, if it is true that the Conservative party's policy is so weak and vacillating that it violates party principles and honour almost daily—and that is what Captain Cazalet's article implies—it is time for that party to put up its shutters and depart hastily from office, leaving the Government of the country in worthier hands.

Captain Cazalet tells us that "Political principles change almost as quickly as party programmes"; and, later, "No party can continue to exist, if it confines its principles within the narrow boundaries of 'Party Politics,'" and here, I suggest, there is some confusion of ideas in the use of the word "principle." It is true that politics and policies change (develop is a preferable word, I think); it is in the nature of things that they must, but principles are the first things, the fundamentals—the essence—of life; they cannot and do not change; and it is because the Conservative party is founded on the two great principles of loyalty and unity that it justly holds its great place in the national life to-day. True, it may be claimed that these principles equally belong to the Liberal and Socialist parties; yet, at the same time, the Liberal prates of magnificent but impracticable theories, of Liberty and the Rights of Man, and of Free Trade; the Socialist is pledged to equally theoretical principles of State

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Ownership, Universal Brotherhood, and International Goodwill, and is fundamentally opposed to national unity.

It is due to the fact that the Conservative policy of to-day is a practical one founded on practical principles, that it still makes its strong appeal—witness recent by-elections—to the majority of English people. It is this very practicability that also makes it possible for men of a variety of opinions to enlist themselves within its ranks.

According to Captain Cazalet no election is won on any one cry, and he cites the last election as an example. He says: "It was won against Socialism, especially that form of Socialism professed by the Bolsheviki of Russia." Yet surely it was because the principles of "that form of Socialism" clashed with the principles of Conservatism that the election was fought and won.

I will not attempt to argue with Captain Cazalet over Government performances, which he damns with the faint praise of having been "done . . . with the best intentions." Their acts may not have been "Tory, Unionist, or Conservative," in the historical sense of those party titles; but these are days when the need of party subsides before the need of the State, and it is because the Conservative party is the only party of the three which appears to have grasped this fact, and has had the courage to act up to it that I, for one, am a Conservative.

Captain Cazalet says in conclusion: "As long as the Conservative party moves with the times . . . it will always find among the public of this country a sympathetic and substantial following." One cannot but agree, but equally it must be felt that the party must remain true to its principles of loyalty to King, Country, and Empire, and of unity, both National and Imperial, to retain the confidence of its followers.

Finally, in answer to the question, "What is a Conservative?" I am one because I see in the Conservative party a party of sound and practical policies, strong enough to put mere party politics aside; a party with a vision of the future that does not wholly hide the needs of the present; and a party that, whatever faults and indecisions it may commit, stands fast to the old and ancient loyalties of Church and State, and works solely for one end, the welfare of England and the Empire.

“Says Sergeant Murphy”

By A. P. Garland

THE NEW SCIENCE

“I SEE,” said Heddle, “they’re giving a gold medal to Einstein. That’s the chap that made the funny-looking statue in Hyde Park?”

“It is not,” replied Sergeant Murphy. “The hero of the Hyde Park masterpiece calls himself Epstein—though he’s a cousin, I fancy, of the other. All them Steins are out of the same stable. But it was the Einfellah that was handed the gold medal.”

“What for?”

“Am I to undherstand, Heddle, that a grown man like you, with a licence to sell spirituous liquors, thirty undher—and a sight more—don’t know the grand work of Einstein? Why, he hasn’t had his match as a thinker since the original Old Moore retired. He’s the lad that proved that the distance from A to B may be less than the distance from B to A.”

“Did he prove that?”

“To be sure he did. Wan of his earliest efforts. Things like that he can prove with wan hand tied behind his back. Thin there was another bit. Suppose you were standin’ on a movin’ staircase and a bulldog was on the next step above you, would the motion of the dog relative to—Listen with both ears, Heddle, to this part—the ticket collector at the top appear the same to you as it would to a man comin’ down the other movin’ staircase?”

Heddle wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

“Say that again,” he asked feebly.

“I couldn’t. The sthrain is too great. But it’s Einstein on wan of his best days. And all fit for a dhrawin’-room, with no double intint. Clean-minded. Yes, Einstein’s the boy. He’s had bald-headed scientists with whiskers like young haystacks gallopin’ across half the world to test his sworn affidavit that a flash of light can turn a corner. But, mind you, he’s not the only scientist that has led to extinsions of mental hospitals.”

“He isn’t?”

“Not likely. Why there’s a fellah answerin’ to the name of Sir Jagadiz Chundra Bose who’s proved, amid

"SAYS SERGEANT MURPHY"

tumulchuous applause from his fellah highbrows, that plants and flowers are as human as most people and a divil of a lot more than an American Prohibition missionary. I'll bet you never guessed that plants can get dhrunk. They can, indeed. You pour a glass of whisky over the roots of a snapdhragon, and half an hour later, as likely as not, he'll be wantin' to take his coat off to a sunflower. And, for all you know, the day you forget to wather the aspidisthra it may spind half its wakin' hours cursin' you up hill and down dale."

Heddle's eyes were wide open, and he gazed fascinated at the sergeant.

"Another foreign scientist," continued the lecturer—"I can't think of his rotten name, nor pronounce it, but it looks like the monomark for the Gas, Light, and Coke Company—has shown that you don't see things with your eyes at all at all. Vision, he says, comes from the pit of the stomach, and it's only because you've been reared up with the notion that you see through your eyes that you do see through thim. In years to come, Heddle, you'll see a man buyin' the Evenin' Gasp in ordher to find out what won the three-thirty, and pressin' it close up to the bottom button of his waistcoat so as to read the small print of the stop press.

"Thin there's the atom which, between me and you, is the most murderous discovery of modern times, and wan for which the discoverer, if he were known, would deserve lynchin'. The atom is the smallest thing in the worruld, and the deadliest. It's so small that wan hundhred billion of thim could march abreast through the eye of a needle without the right-hand or the left-hand wan barkin' their ears agen the steelwork. Now scientists are workin' overtime in ordher to find a way to make the atom explode. Wance wan explodes, it is hoped, the lot'll explode, and thin the big explosion at Messines Ridge will be like sthrikin' a match to it."

"What'll happen then?" asked Heddle.

"As likely as not the whole worruld will be blown to smithereens."

"What good'll that do?" asked Heddle in some alarm.

"Well, for wan thing," replied Sergeant Murphy, "it might be a peaceful solution of the Coal conthroversy."

The Great Adventure

By D. M. Gill

WHO has not understood the end ? Who said,
"We cannot think that she is caught by Death" ?
Did you not see her, shaking her quick head,
(Ah ! quivering, fragrant hair !) running to meet him ?
Did you not start to feel her eager breath
And hot, her swift, droll laughter given to greet him ?
Her face, more rapid than a mountain mere
To break, would ripple into kindliness.
Her face was not for our delight, though dear
The lips that drank delicious draughts of mirth
And pricked our sullen hearts to cheerfulness,
They waited for this new, high-fashioned birth.
How rich her eyes, with quaint lights crouching
To leap upon us unawares ; but these
With hands, grown pale of old, not for our touching,
Have passed for ever from our uncertain keeping.
She, wise and eager clad for victories,
Escaped our hands of soberness and sleeping
And swept to freedom, changeless, unafraid.
Death was an alien, a mystic figure,
Flavoured with earthiness. But she has made
Him sweeter than Adonis, holier yet
Than Galahad. He found her throbbing vigour ;
Learnt her quick stride of youth ; with faces set,
(Ah ! dear expression of expectancy !)
They met the daybreaking ; he was the captive.
No legendary awe, nor spectre fancy,
Nor mystery, nor thought injurious,
Can know her spirit's surety and live.
She, radiant, and with soul imperious,
Shatters the door that barricades our sight.
We look for beauty, and gay sunrising ;
The stir of sound ; to find the selfsame light
On faces that we found on hers, and after
The peril of a lonely passaging,
To have the welcome of her swift, droll laughter.

Quantity or Quality in Music Drama

By Horace Shipp

The Student Prince. (His Majesty's Theatre.)

Mr. Pepys. (Everyman Theatre.)

WHEN the theatrical history of this period comes to be written, no phenomena will be more interesting than the commercial mismanagement of the commercial managements. They invariably excuse their appearances in the Bankruptcy Court by blaming the high costs of production and theatre rents, and then, in some fresh combination taking on a costlier theatre and producing on a more stupendous scale. The economics of this method seem to be based on the assumption that you have only to spend sufficient money to force the public to appreciate the fare you put before them by sheer quantity. Have they liked choruses? Give them gigantic choruses who will make more noise than ever. Do they like dresses? Let them see hundreds of dresses. Light? Let there be hundreds of thousands of candle-power. So we arrive at the super-super production. It has nothing whatever to do with art, and can only be called amusement by a curious use of that term. Its appeal is largely to that queer desire for record breaking which is so strange a part of human psychology, and which also accounts for another modern phenomenon of the theatre—that of seeing a play a score of times.

The Student Prince, at His Majesty's Theatre, is one of these record breakers, and in this respect it succeeds. If you wish to hear more noise, see more performers, courtlier courts, more tree-ish trees than you have ever seen on a stage before; if you wish to see and hear a production which has the same artistry as a well-conducted steam hammer, *The Student Prince* will prove entirely satisfying. It interests me, I confess, as typical of a tendency in the theatre and in its relation to the

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economics of that institution. For this volume of voice and instrument—brass, string, wind, and human—these acres of painted canvas, cost a great deal of money. At first the promoters of the enterprise tried to make the pit pay *pro rata* for this double quantity of stimuli, but the experiment did not succeed, and the pittite now can get his seven-shillingworth of noise and spectacle for the usual three shillings. Now one watches this production to see whether we really do want so vast an entertainment enough to pay the enormous cost of its current expenses. Artistically, as I have said, we need not be concerned. Folk who want to see *Old Heidelberg* resurrected as a stupendous, Americanized production taken at top speed, with all imaginable “vim,” “pep,” “go,” and so forth, will find all they need.

As a contrast, the quality way as against the quantity, go out to Hampstead and see *Mr. Pepys*. It was an exquisite idea of Mr. Clifford Bax to take that essentially English creature, to put him into the theatre which he himself so loved, to get Mr. Martin Shaw as musical collaborator, and generally to provide so jolly an entertainment. The piece has every quality which goes to the making of light ballad opera. Its libretto, its music, acting, songs and catches, costumes, decoration and production leave so little to be desired that it were carping to criticize details. True, it has the limitation which it has set itself, of being a piece of pure artifice, but within that limitation it is an excellent piece. Thinking of it as against the other, one is amazed at the economy of means and the richness of the result. In place of the vast orchestra we have about eight players on strings and wood wind; yet the music, wedded at every turn to the words, and replete with that essentially English quality which Mr. Martin Shaw has gained from his love of Elizabethan and folk song, is entirely satisfying and memorable. Item after item was encored (a bad habit, but what would you when we are all enjoying ourselves so intimately?). In place of the serried ranks of players and singers a well-chosen cast of less than twenty, including the chorus, gave us a delightful rendering. Frederick Ranalow of Macheath fame in the name part, Margot Sieveking as the “poor wretch” his wife, and charming

QUANTITY OR QUALITY IN MUSIC DRAMA

enough to enslave such a connoisseur as Pepys, Isabel Jean as a pert Nell Gwynn, Oriel Rose beautiful in her movements as Mrs. Knipp, and a brilliant young actress named Florence McHugh in a small part as Willet ; with Lawrence Baskcomb, whose facial expressions are a study, Guy le Feuvre, and Alfred Clark (jolly as ever, but a little out of the artificial picture), form a cast of enviable efficiency. In this essay in comparisons it becomes interesting to think of the Pepys chorus of four men as against that terrific chorus of sixty lusty young Britons which renders service at His Majesty's. Although artistically that is probably the best feature in *The Student Prince*, I think music lovers will agree with me that the small scale perfection of the other chorus gives us as much value in music. The point is typical of the two productions. I realize that you cannot work on the same scale in a theatre the size of His Majesty's as that desirable for any of the small theatres or an experimental house like the Hampstead one, but there is no virtue in the cultivation of bigness for its own sake. On the contrary, it tends to the degradation of the theatre by forcing upon you the necessity of appealing to an enormous public ; and the aristocratic principle of "the higher, the fewer" certainly applies to art.

The method of intensive culture has been successfully applied to everything in the production of this latest comer to the ranks of English ballad opera. The stage pictures are eminently pleasing, not only because the costumes and the sets are in themselves right, but because Mr. Allan Wade has made almost perfect use of the tiny stage space and has given us a series of quite memorable pictures. He has shown again that a production governed by understanding artistic intention can achieve results as telling as those obtainable by the expensive conditions of the large scale building and armies of supers. I do not mean that littleness itself is a virtue any more than bigness is—one need only remember Martin Harvey's production of *Ædipus Rex*—but these two productions demonstrate that there must be beauty and understanding in the artist's way, if a thing is to count in the theatre, even a trifle as airy as *Mr. Pepys*.

A Novel Competition

1st Prize. Books to the value of £5

2nd " " " " £2

3rd " " " " £1

(to be chosen by the winner from any *Publisher's List*).

OF the making of competitions there is no end, but we venture to think that there is room for one more of a novel kind, and that many of our readers will welcome the opportunity of gaining the prizes, which, in future, we shall offer for the selection of the most notable passage, not exceeding 150 words in length, occurring in any speech, sermon, or article delivered or published in English, between the 15th of the previous month and 15th of the current month, *e.g.* the period covered by the first competition will be between 15th February and 15th March.

The conditions of entry will be as follows:—

1. The full name and address of the competitor must be written upon the form below and attached to the page of the paper (the name and date of which must be visible) in which the speech, sermon, or article appeared, with the selected passage clearly marked. A passage selected from a Review or Magazine may be copied out, but the name and date of the publication must be stated.
2. Entries must be received, addressed to the Editor, THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 4 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., not later than the 16th of each month.
3. The decision of the Editor will be final.

Consideration will be given severally to the style or quality of expression, the importance of the subject matter, and the forcefulness of the appeal, whether to the patriotic, moral or artistic instincts of the audience or readers.

The names of the successful competitors and the passages selected will be published in the following number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

NAME.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS.....

DATE OF POSTING.....

Books

Early Victorian Days

The Days of Dickens : A Glance at Some Aspects of Early Victorian Life.

By Arthur L. Hayward. With 32 plates. [Routledge.] 15s. net.

By Vernon Rendall

WE welcome this book, full of pictures from the *Illustrated London News*, full also of the knowledge the author has displayed in his *Dickens Encyclopædia*. He has had the good sense to add to his fifteen chapters a brief abstract of history ; for teachers, in our experience, seldom reach the nineteenth century. The man who reads in the train cannot realize a London without tubes and telephones, cigarettes and organized football. He is better housed than the miserable people Dickens shows us, and has no longer a chance of inhabiting one of the degraded prisons for debtors. On the other hand, and especially since the war, he may envy the freedom of the Early Victorian, hampered as he is by vexatious prohibitions. The law is the last thing to reform itself. It remained vilely cruel about the death penalty in Victoria's first years, but foolish restrictions did not exasperate a reasonable and law-abiding people as they do now. On the horrors of Chancery the book does not dwell, or the gradual development of the police, certainly needed to assist the mysterious "street-keepers" mentioned in *Pickwick*. The chapter of "Sensational News" presents a parade of malefactors and murderers, without which no popular literature is complete to-day. As late as 1862, *Punch* was full of alarm about the assaults of "garroters," who ceased operations when several of them were caught and punished with the cat.

Dickensians will find several songs of the old days identified. Braham was huge and terrific in "The Bay of Biscay," and Vestris, a highly successful sentimentalist, in "Meet Me by Moonlight Alone." Melodrama flourished, especially on the Surrey side, of which H. S. Leigh wrote :

I have been there, and still would go,
As Dr. Watts observes;
Although it's not a place, I know,
For folks with feeble nerves.

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A curious survival was the ballad purporting to give the last reflections of a murderer on his way to the scaffold, for similar productions were added by Mr. Pepys to his black-letter collection. Nothing seems so dull as the popular humour of the past, and the songs of to-day, though often silly enough, have to be smarter than the simple stuff which pleased our grandfathers.

Mr. Hayward dilates pleasantly on the abundant gaiety of the time, but shows that the state of the poorer classes was terrible. Sanitation was hopelessly neglected, and if the House of Commons had not been on the banks of a malodorous Thames, another plague might have cleared out, if not cleaned out, a good many London homes. Open cess-pools exuded over the floor in the slums, and on the South side of the river, water was drawn from fetid ditches, as a Board of Health Report of 1850 shows. The Queen's stables at Windsor were voted by Parliament over three times the amount of money devoted to the education of the Lower Classes; the royal kennels were clean, well-kept and warm, while not a couple of miles away were the horrible slums of Westminster and St. Giles's Rookery.

Dickens sneered at the upper classes and the education he did not understand. So it is well to find Thackeray and other witnesses called in to describe clubs, gambling of the fashionable sort, and bankers like the Newcome brothers. Dickens is greatest in his grotesques, types not, perhaps, so frequent as they were. Education, better doctoring, and sanitation have reduced the *mens curva in corpore curvo*. For good and bad, the free and easy days are gone. Some comfortable and labour-saving arrangements have disappeared. Mr. Veneering's election in *Our Mutual Friend* was a farce, and we happen to know the considerable price which the M.P. for Sudbury, which is probably Eatanswill, paid for his seat some hundred years ago. The decay of the old-fashioned tavern, great at election time, is notable. London does not eat and drink so solidly as it used to, and figures approximating in middle age to that of John Bull are not normal in London streets. Lawyers' clerks now go to tea-rooms and restaurants instead of taverns, and they have chances of sport of which none of them in Dickens's day would have dreamt. Waiters, however, still retain

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their little ways. These were the types Dickens noticed with loving observation, while he muddled his account of a cricket-match. He was the laureate of the Cockney, and in many ways a Philistine of genius, capable of abusing good art and neglecting the deeper thought of his time. Above all a pictorial writer, he might have revelled in the vogue of the cinema to-day, when pictures seem to advance everywhere at the expense of print. The elder Weller was wiser than he knew, and anticipating a national habit when he spoke of a picture card in *Pickwick*. The store of illustrations in this book may attract many who would not be induced to read it otherwise, though it is quite well written.

In the Heart of Asia

In the Heart of Asia. By Lieut.-Colonel P. T. Etherton (Indian Army).
[Constable.] 16s. net.

Reviewed by F. W. Chardin

THE very mention of the subject-matter of this book—"Chinese Turkestan"—imparts an atmosphere of romance, and the districts of which it is comprised—Kashgar, the Pamirs, Yarkand, the Tian Shan, Lob Nor, the Altyn Tagh (Golden Mountains)—possess names which, to the reviewer at least, are indescribably fascinating. The author is obviously well qualified by character, experience, and linguistic attainments for the onerous position he there held of His Majesty's Consul-General and Political Resident during several very difficult and trying years. The "leit-motif" of the whole work is the assertion that the aim and end of the Bolshevik administration has been, and still is, the overthrow of the British Empire in India: thus on page 220 "The crux of the Soviet problem lies in India, and they admit that they must stand or fall by success in that country."

The book bears evidence of having been written in intervals of a scanty leisure, for its style is somewhat disjointed, and it would have been an improvement if some more ample tribute had been paid to the author's predecessor, Sir George Macartney, and his distinguished service at Kashgar for twenty-eight years.

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The book is so replete with information, geographical, historical, ethnographical, political and economic, manners and customs, illustrated by instances and anecdotes, both grave and gay, that there is truly not a dull page throughout. The author describes his journey to Kashgar from Kashmir via the Hunza country, the Mintaka Pass, and the wild district of Sarikol, his official tours of Yarkand, Yangi Hissar, the Ili country and elsewhere, in kaleidoscopic narrative. The characteristics of, and his relations with, the corrupt and cruel, yet friendly and courteous, Chinese officialdom, the kindly Swedish missionaries, the truculent Afghan smugglers of arms and opium, the simple, unwarlike Turkis, the grasping Hindu moneylenders, the Kirghiz, Kalmuks, Sarikolis, Tungans, the refugee Russians and their diabolical oppressors are set forth without fear or favour.

The checkmating of anti-British designs by intelligence and propaganda work placed him in continual peril of assassination, and the position of this isolated official in his advanced listening-post of Empire required nerve, initiative, and personality beyond the common. The book opens with the description of a definitely heroic episode in which Sir George Macartney and two British officers, Lt.-Colonel F. M. Bailey and Major L. V. S. Blacker, deliberately walked into a den of wild beasts by conducting a mission to the Bolshevik authorities at Tashkent. Major Blacker has left an account of this adventure in a fascinating book. Another book in which consular conditions in Kashgar are described is that by Sir Percy and Miss Ella Sykes, who occupied the Consulate temporarily in the year 1915. It must be remembered that the consular area was as large as France and Spain combined.

This land of Central Asia may fairly be described as the birthplace of mankind, for the races which sway Europe and Asia had their origin there. Formerly, too, this was a largely Christian land, for the great Nestorian Church, which now boasts less than a hundred thousand heroic followers in Central Kurdistan, once stretched across Asia far into China. Here also there occurred later a great struggle between Buddhism and Islam,

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culminating in a triumph for the latter in a great battle which is commemorated by the shrine at Ordam Padshah, in the sandy desert near Yangi Hissar. A peculiarity about Islam in this region is that, although the sect followed is that of the Sunnis, the Shi'ah doctrine of temporary marriage is allowed, and provides a lucrative employment for ladies possessing sufficient physical attractions.

The author points out the enormous mineral resources of the land, mentioning its great deposits of precious and base metals, as well as mines of such a valuable stone as jade. He deals with the potentially profitable oil areas which exist, but which, hitherto, have been only exploited for the personal benefit of the Chinese commander-in-chief, who employed the greater part of the army under his command for that doubtful purpose.

The opinion is recorded on page 168 that Pan-Islamism is a needless bogey to Western civilization in general, and the British Empire in particular. This movement, originated by Sultan Abdul-Hamid for his own ends, and exploited by Turks, Germans, and Bolsheviks, is now an exploded theory, for, from this point of view, Central Asia is entirely apathetic. An interesting statement is that, at the close of the war, Britain could have had Russian Turkestan for the taking, but refused the responsibility. A comment on the British reputation for honour and integrity, of which a Briton may well be proud, is provided by the request of the Amir of Bokhara, in view of the Bolshevik menace, to confide his enormous wealth, some thirty-five millions sterling, to the Consul at Kashgar for safe custody, asking only a receipt. Problems of transport and storage rendered this out of the question, and the treasure fell into Soviet hands.

An extraordinary story, current in 1921, of a Moslem-Buddhist "rapprochement," is demolished in Chapter XI.

Altogether this volume, despite its somewhat inadequate index, is a mine of information and amusement. It closes with a quotation from the great Napoleon: "It is in Asia that the destinies of Europe will one day be decided." In that day may the Empire possess representatives on the scene of the calibre of the author!

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CHINESE AFFAIRS.

WHY CHINA SEES RED. By PUTNAM WEALE. Macmillan. 12s. net.

READERS familiar with Mr. Weale's earlier writings can hardly fail to notice the remarkable change which has come o'er the spirit of his dream since, in the capacity of an adviser to the Chinese Government, he wrote "The Fight for the Republic in China" (1917), and "The Truth about China and Japan" two years later. He tells us that his present work was compiled under the shadow of the Great Wall, at Shanhaikuan, and observes that it is in the vicinity of this stupendous monument to China's departed greatness that Chinese history can fitly be written. It would certainly appear to have had a salutary and chastening influence on his long and loudly-proclaimed belief in an Oriental world made free for democracy, in China's capacity for self-government, and in the regenerating virtues of Republican principles, Western learning and the Yellow Press. His present opinions concerning the chaotic conditions actually prevailing in China are, indeed, as remote as the length of the Great Wall itself from the complacent optimism with which he was formerly wont to observe the turbulent activities of student politicians and other agitators, and the red-handed lawlessness of the Tutchuns' rabble armies, while proclaiming that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. It would seem as if a period of meditation under the shadow of the Great Wall might usefully be prescribed in a number of other conspicuous cases of temporarily defective vision, beginning with the American professors of the Peking University and certain missionary politicians and highbrow sentimentalists, whose voices now dominate the counsels of the nations at Peking.

Looking out from his new coign of wisdom on the troubled world of Chinese affairs, Mr. Weale has made several notable discoveries, and comes to more than one interesting conclusion. He has discovered, for example, that, for the purpose of checking the subversive spirit of the political agitators, "a constantly-proclaimed goodwill is of little avail; what is wanted is a constantly-proclaimed determination to face the facts." What is more, he finds "that a great part of the uproar in China would never have arisen had an authoritative and respected body of men three years ago submitted to the world a just summary of present-day conditions." Incidentally, it may be observed that more than one such summary has lately been submitted (notably by Tang Shao-yi, an ex-Premier of China, and by H.M. Consuls at the Treaty Ports, in a report to Parliament), but they have been tacitly ignored by the majority of the British Press. Let that pass. Mr. Weale has discovered that the failure of America's policy of conciliation and goodwill, as manifested in the Washington Treaties, is chiefly due to the fact that "money is the only point of contact between China and the world; money and monetary interests alone produce results." Hence the ease with which, given sufficient money in the purse of Muscovite or malcontent, strikes, boycotts, and "anti-Imperial" movements can be produced at any moment. He regards a dictatorship as impossible, "because it implies loyalty as well as a clear conception of a definite goal," which things are lacking in China. Similarly, the evolution of a stable Government

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supported by the best elements in the country, is prevented by the organized intimidation of the political agitators, "because there is no group that dares to tell the agitators that what they preach is false"; also because "bitter experience has taught men that no protecting hand can be invoked under the Republic to ward off the penalties imposed on all who have become marked men." Finally, he has been led to the conclusion that the encouragement given by foreign supporters to the political agitators "can only be excused on the ground that what is taking place has been misrepresented to them. So-called Christian colleges have likewise become hotbeds for political propaganda."

So far as the interests of foreign Powers are concerned, Mr. Weale can find little virtue in conferences. "Everything," he says, "points to measures of force and little to settlement by negotiation." The chief obstacle to the successful application of remedy by military action lies, as it has always done, in the jealous rivalries of the Powers. He holds, nevertheless, that the action of a single Power could be made overwhelming in a few weeks, and probably financially profitable, if the cost of the operations were covered by a mortgage on the Chinese railway system. At the same time he has no hesitation in saying that the anti-foreign movement might have been arrested, and Bolshevik influence eliminated in China, if Chang Tso-lin had been backed last year with money and munitions by the English-speaking Powers. From all of this it will be perceived that Mr. Weale has forsaken the primrose path of political idealism and returned to the unromantic highway of hard facts.

J. O. P. BLAND.

BIOGRAPHY.

FREDERIC HARRISON: THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES. By AUSTIN HARRISON. Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE is a delightful informality about these dozen chapters wherein a distinguished son puts on record his recollections of a distinguished father, and, moreover, the Victorian scene to which Frederic Harrison belonged—and in no other epoch would so complete a figure have been possible—is presented with such thoroughness as is permitted to a single commentator on its manifold aspects. No writer seems able to cover the whole of that field, which had its frivolous phenomena as well as those more serious manifestations which we are prone to regard as its entire content.

An age, however, that gave us Mill, Lecky, Carlyle, Morley, Gladstone, and the pre-Raphaelites was predominantly serious, and Frederic Harrison fits into that assembly, and if we have described him as "complete," it is in the sense that all things are complete which are perfect within their own peculiar and often narrow function. Frederic Harrison set himself a limited task, and did it as well as it could be done by human being. This fact more than any other emerges from the son's pages. We are made aware of his creed, the reasons which led to his adoption of the Positivist position, and the fidelity wherewith, throughout a long life, he maintained his moral and spiritual integrity. An admirable man, an admirable husband, father, and citizen.

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The human interest of the book is achieved by way of certain scenes and etchings which give us peeps into this Victorian interior, into its nursery, its dining-room, and drawing-room, where a representative family of the period are seen installed, children and parents, whose relations, the one with the other, are graphically and often humorously described. To this household came George Gissing, the novelist, in the guise of a tutor, "A tall, pale, thin, pathetic-looking man with a gentle voice and a Florentine smile," who was adored by the younger Harrisons, but whose pessimism was contrary to the creed and convictions of Harrison *père*. Besides Gissing there are glimpses of John Morley, politic and cool in the face of his friend's less disillusioned ardours, and of Henry James, who seems to have regarded his host with that objectivity wherewith he was used to regard most things. But the most spirited glimpse of all is that of "a rare and remarkable cob," Galopin by name, whom Frederic Harrison rode for well over twenty years, and whom he "cursed volubly on every occasion."

We part from this very delightful, and often very thoughtful, book feeling that Mr. Austin Harrison has given us an authentic picture of an age and of a personality that were well worthy of further commemoration. One realizes more fully that Frederic Harrison was of those who give to humanity what so many preachers and teachers give to dogma, and the account rendered of the singularly beautiful relationship which existed between husband and wife forms a fitting pendant to the story of the many and enviable ties which united father and son. Also he makes us realize anew that those days are gone, and that the England we dwell in is a new one, too crowded and too poor for such lives and interests as could spread and grow to their full stature in the more spacious days wherein his narrative and exposition find their setting.

A. K.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HICKEY. Vol. IV. With Notes. Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net.

MANY readers will regret that this is the last of the inimitable Hickey. Since the first volume appeared in 1914, the others have been eagerly awaited. The composition of these memoirs is a remarkable feat for a man in retirement after a long life of activity. Some people wrote pompously a hundred years since, but nobody wrote the slipshod stuff seen in print to-day. Hickey was no man of letters, but he did well, while he worked, at school, and it is evident that he was a man of marked ability. He fully justified the prediction that he would prove a "very jolly fellow." His frankness about his misdemeanours is engaging, and equal to that of Boswell. In this volume he is as good a fellow as ever, dubious in health, and drinking heartily on occasion; but with advancing years he spends his persuasive powers in keeping other people straight and smoothing over awkward situations with ready tact. He is the kindest of men and widely loved by his many Anglo-Indian friends.

He settled after his adventurous voyage home at Beaconsfield, near his favourite Mrs. Burke. The notes at the end indicate a portrait which ought to exist somewhere. We hope it may be discovered.

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A SELECTION OF BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS, WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES
By DR. A. C. KALISCHER. Translated with Preface by J. S.
SHEDLOCK. Selected and Edited by A. EAGLEFIELD-HULL.
Dent. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS is a reduction of Shedlock's collection of 1909, now out of print and somewhat cumbrous. Many of the letters reveal vexatious small agitations which occur to everybody, and Dr. Eaglefield-Hull's handy and well-edited single volume is ample for the lover of Beethoven. As it is, the longest letters are to a firm of music publishers about details of printing and other business. Beethoven was apt to be slovenly in putting down detail, as Shakespeare was. The best of his writing shows the great and generous soul.

"Most wretched men," says Shelley, "learn in suffering what they teach in song." That sad maxim might be applied to the life of Beethoven, though one may fairly suppose that his pleasures were more vivid than those of other men, like his sorrows. One bright spot in his life was Baron and Court Secretary and violoncellist Zmeskall, a steady admirer whom he abuses in terms of comic opera. Otherwise, the friends of one day became to the passionate genius the foes of the next, and one can trace a curious history of altered dedications. Beethoven did not tolerate easily the small hypocrisies of society. He admired Goethe's poetry. They exchanged by post elegant compliments; they met; and the independent musician found the poet too much of a courtier. Usually a casual correspondent, Beethoven rises to an admirable and effective simplicity when he writes to a woman of whom he is fond. Alas! they all went off and got married, and he was left to celebrate the "distant beloved," about whom so much has been conjectured.

Fame was gained when it could still be enjoyed. But then came the horrible infliction of deafness, and later the adoption of the scoundrel nephew Carl, who was forgiven time after time in vain. The letters to him, breathing all the love of a father, are some of the most pathetic in the volume. Last, not least, in the catalogue of vexations were the servants. Beethoven had quick reactions from annoyance to cheerfulness, and sometimes he might have been happy, *domesticis volentibus*. The troubles with them were endless, but they found his ways trying, and the results can hardly have been more satisfactory when he turned cook himself. His ebullitions in later years were largely due to ill-health. The one consolation at the end was the generosity of the Philharmonic Society of London.

FICTION.

THE CANTAB. By SHANE LESLIE. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. LESLIE is one of the happy authors who cannot be dull, and here his pages are distinguished by their wit and sense of colour. But he has not accomplished or attempted a novel about Cambridge as a whole. He confines himself to King's, a college which prides itself on being intellectual, and he presents easily recognizable portraits of university dons. We cannot help smiling over the effective caricature of "O.B.," but the pleasant malice which frankly exaggerates other personalities and their relations to each other is not so defensible.

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The young hero has led a sheltered life and is a hopeless prig and smug when he enters King's. We grow a little weary of his mawkish religious emotions. The contrast to him, a healthy youngster of the Greek god type, is left at a loose end, after the experiences which the latter-day novelist insists on rubbing in. Some of the generalizations seem to us odd. The great Greek scholar puts "Dionysius" for "Dionysus," and "dilemmatised" is a vile word. The little sketches of Cambridge are delightful.

THE LITTLE WORLD. By STELLA BENSON. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

THE illustrations with which Miss Benson has decorated this republication of her delightful travel sketches, show as much of the whimsical personality of the author-artist as her extraordinarily individual writing. The whole charm of things seen through other eyes lies in the selection and artistic character of the medium; a photograph is a beautiful thing with no prepossessions, but, as in the drawings, so in the text, we are conscious of an interposing spirit which touches life, things and character in miniature with prismatic effects and revealing flashes. So fascinating are these records of two circumnavigations of the globe, almost literally from China to Peru—with the accent on America and Indo-China—that one could wish the author might never find a rest for the sole of her foot, moving in ships, boats, motors, sedans, or rickshaws, for the rest of her life. But, as there seems to be some hint of a home in Yunnan, perhaps we may get more of the romance with a foreign flavour seen in her last novel.

SOUNDING BRASS. By ETHEL MANNIN. Jarrold. 7s. 6d. net.

MISS MANNIN knows the advertising world intimately, and makes of her dreadful little Mr. Rickard one of those deplorably absorbing figures more interesting than the handsome hero or the first man made perfect. The early part of the story, which describes the ascent of Rickard from a mining slum to a position of authority in the world of publicity, is not so felicitous as the remarkably realistic career of the Premier Publicity Company and its founder. It is in his magnificent office and his equally magnificent conception of himself as the organizer of progress that the depth and irony of the story are revealed; it is, in short, as an exposure of the blatancy of the age that this novel excels. Rickard, the soulless little cad, powerful by the astute narrowness of his outlook, marrying for money, and, upon his honeymoon, falling a victim to a cheap adventuress who dogs him to the end of his hopes of social advancement; this example of pachydermatous egotism sees the advertising value of his own disgrace and leaves us with a gesture almost sublime.

Murray, the sometime partner, who sees stunts as stunts and leads the gentle life, is not only an admirable foil, but also brings the reader into interesting contacts with a more pleasant world; but he and his circle also subserve the author's satire in pictures of post-war false values and restless extravagance. It is a clever book, keenly alive.

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FOUR TALES BY ZÉLIDE. Translated by SYBIL SCOTT, with an introduction by GEOFFREY SCOTT. Constable. 12s. net.

IF Madame de Charvière's own literary style, dignity, and humour, had not been exquisite, Mr. Geoffrey Scott would have spoiled her four tales by writing an introduction so perfect as to render anything which follows an anti-climax. Happily, the subject of his essay might also have been his literary exemplar. The revealing, understanding writings of this too-little-known eighteenth-century Dutch woman of letters are at once a study in exquisite prose and in the manners and modes of her time and of the provincial society which she graced and hated. Orderliness, quietude, beauty, are here, but beneath them a passionate spirit in revolt, an incisive intellect, and the courage to speak her mind. Diverse qualities these, and only to be harmonized as she has done by a sense of humour. Here then, in "The Nobleman," "Mrs. Henley," "Letters from Lausanne," and "Caliste," we have the woman self-portrayed and the society of her time presented in such *genre* pictures as one would hope for from the observing and orderly mind of one of her country and generation. We have, too, a model of easy prose, which would give pause, if anything could, to the hectic outpourings of our own less leisured day.

LET LOOSE. By H. E. L. MELLERSH. Selwyn and Blount. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS first novel by a writer whose name is already known in letters is an addition to the rising school of State-conscious writers, who, in using romance as their medium, make a serious appeal to the forward-looking eyes of youth, and indeed to all those with a wide social outlook. Mr. Mellersh's theme is the economic allure of the gifts of science, and he paints his picture large by postulating the release and utilization of atomic energy. Christopher Mence, the chief figure of his group of middle-class people, achieves his result in his youth, and is promptly denounced by one of his friends as a malefactor putting another loaded revolver into the hands of a selfish and ignorant child. Mence first soars to fame and satisfaction, and afterwards finds himself outmanœuvred by captains of industry and brought familiar with strange bedfellows. He sees the squeezed-out and crushed-down side of life at close range and discovers the curse of inefficiency to be the complement of furious competition. He also discovers that the beautiful girl who has married him for his future is dealing in futures herself. So the liberator of atomic energy is not hoist but downed by his own petard, and touches rock bottom in a fierce, hungry revolt against the powers which uphold social injustice. Revolution is in the air, but enemy gas-bombs intervene, and a new war fizzles out through its own impossible appliances, and the renascent spirit of man. Christopher, who has been ruined by his contribution to peaceful progress, is ironically re-established by its supremacy in the taking of life. Mr. Mellersh is rather polemical, but his discussions hold the attention, and he has the courage to make his figures quite everyday folks.

DRAMA.

THE SAVOY OPERAS, 1875-96. By SIR W. S. GILBERT. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

GILBERT's plays have appeared in print before, but they are well staged in the green cover of select poets, being of the right length to

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appear in excellent print. The last two, "Utopia, Limited," and "The Grand Duke," are little known to the present generation, and, though not of Gilbert's best, might fairly be revived, like "Ruddigore." The volume has no word of introduction, though a suitable hand might have found some interesting things to say. Gilbert, for one thing, is strongly insular, maintaining the national prowess, and refusing, like Mr. Vincent Crummles, to be a foreigner. Always ingenious in rhyme, he excels in the mock-pompous paraphrase. An unpleasant feature is his insistence on the decay of physical charm in ageing women like Katisha in the "Mikado." The music-lover who possesses the score of the operas is in the best position, but the words themselves are so closely wedded to Sullivan's delightful music that they suggest it to many a playgoer.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN THE EUROPEAN THEATRE. By HUNTLY CARTER.
Ernest Benn. 25s. net.

MR. HUNTLY CARTER has written a provocative, intensely interesting and, it must be added, somewhat inexact book about the post-war theatre in Europe. By much travel and wide reading he has acquainted himself with practically everything which counts in affairs theatrical, and so his book with its wealth of photographs is substantially a good record, and the broad tendencies which he notes are worth attention. He fails us because his own prejudices are too strong to permit of an entirely trustworthy case, and because, as his foot-notes reveal, he has largely built up his record on newspaper paragraphs. Since Mr. Carter's deductions are sweeping and of wide social importance, this unscientific procedure is most unwise, especially as neither he nor his proof-reader has been able to detect certain obvious errors. Nevertheless this is an important book, and what he has to tell of the theatre, particularly in Russia, where he has made a close study, has to be listened to, even though we accept his ultimate conclusions *cum grano salis*.

ENGLISH LIFE AND ART.

HISTORY IN ENGLISH WORDS. By OWEN BARFIELD. Methuen. 6s. net.

THIS is a rare sort of book which we should like to see more often. Mr. Barfield picks out the English pedigree from the past preserved in words—a sounder method of discovery than the usual generalizations—and proceeds to the vast and fascinating field which our language offers. Words begin by being vivid and gradually sink into the stage where they mean little, unless a great poet revives them. Romance, religion, law, and the rise of science are all clearly marked for those who have eyes to see. Mr. Barfield's book should encourage readers, and even journalists, to think of what they read and write, and ask for a decent standard of language. It is high time to take an interest in the subject, for English is growing sadly slipshod, though it possesses the "Oxford Dictionary," an "unrivalled monument," as Mr. Barfield says. Philology, perhaps, of the Greek and Latin sort is beyond most people, but all can read and enjoy such a book as this.

BOOKS

LONDON NIGHTS: A SERIES OF STUDIES AND SKETCHES OF LONDON AT NIGHT. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d. net.

THERE is good journalism and there is a better journalism which verges on literature, and to anyone who is curious about the difference we would recommend this volume of studies and sketches taken from the life. Mr. Stephen Graham has more than a curiosity about that London underworld which is the main source of these chapters; he humanizes it and makes it come to the surface, so that it lives and endures or suffers anew. It becomes, indeed, a menace and a reproach for which the reader may be in part responsible.

The homeless, the fallen, the criminal, and the vicious are, however, only a part of his story. From beggars, pavement artists, prostitutes, and prisons, from doss-house and coffee-stall, we turn to such haunts of joy as the gallery of the cheap music-hall, to Soho and its night clubs, and watch the crowds who pour into Piccadilly Circus on a Saturday night. Exceptionally well rendered are the snatches of conversation and atmospherics which enliven these accounts of the masses in their shirtsleeves, so to speak, and at rest.

Besides the comic and the tragic aspects of his *nocturnes*, Mr. Graham has several vastly interesting chapters which show us how London is fed. He takes us to the great fruit and vegetable (and, incidentally, flower) market at Covent Garden; we follow him to Smithfield with its myriad carcasses of pork and beef and mutton; and there is a night that ended at Billingsgate, the fish-market. Mr. Elmes's pen-and-ink drawings remind one a little of Phil May.

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GOETHE'S FAUST. Translated by JOHN ANSTER. Illustrated by HARRY CLARK. Harrap. 45s.

THE almost abstract intellect of Goethe saw in the "Faust" story the possibility of expressing his philosophic interpretation of the Second Fall which came when the men of the Renaissance ate again of the tree of knowledge; the more human side of him playfully embroidered the story with a magnificent demonology. It is one of the interesting facts of human appreciation that we have neglected the philosophy and found the other attractive, and in publishing an illustrated edition, with Mr. Harry Clark as visualizer, Messrs. Harrap have plunged wholly for the black magic, and Mr. Clark has found full scope for his strange mind. His amazing technique, both in colour and in patterned black and white, serves his fecund imagination with wild profusion. Whether his brilliant diabolism serves Goethe equally well it would be difficult to say, for it entirely omits the philosophic truth of the great poem. The Anster translation (the first into English, we believe) still retains a high place. The book is excellently produced and the illustrations are lavish, so that the enthusiasts for Mr. Clark's Beardsleyesque art will appreciate it even though Goethe suffers.

THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By DARRELL FIGGIS. Ernest Benn. £6 6s. net.

AFTER a hundred years we have grown to understand that William Blake was a great artist, partly because art itself has accepted the inner world of the mind and spirit as a source of subjects alongside its pre-occupation with external nature, and partly because the materialism of the past is wearing thin. In the text of this book Darrell Figgis was able, therefore, sympathetically to meet Blake's mind, follow his development step by step, understand his shortcomings, and present the man "born out of his due time" in all the courage of his other-worldly vision. If his sympathy makes him too eulogistic, it is a fault on the right side. He would have been well-advised not to present the life as such a lasting climacteric, and his prose style worries one by its repetition of individual words, but these are small faults in this self-styled "Plan of his Days."

The hundred plates make the book a treasure. Sixteen are in colour, and the publishers are to be congratulated on having reproduced, as nearly as half-tone block printing could, the peculiar Blake colours.

WHITAKER'S CUMULATIVE BOOK LIST, 1925. 10s. net.

EXPERIENCE assures us that one of the most difficult things is to get an exact reference to a book recently published, and the huge number of books now printed yearly is enough to tax the strongest memory. This list should be very useful to book-readers and those who desire to verify their references, for it gives the year's publications in sensible sections with the addition of an index to authors and titles, also a list of publishers. We have examined the text in detail and find it laudably accurate, where the printer is often inclined to be fantastic.

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